New Records: B-52's, Gang Starr, Annie Lennox

SPIN

U2 ON TOUR

The Story They Didn't Want You to Read

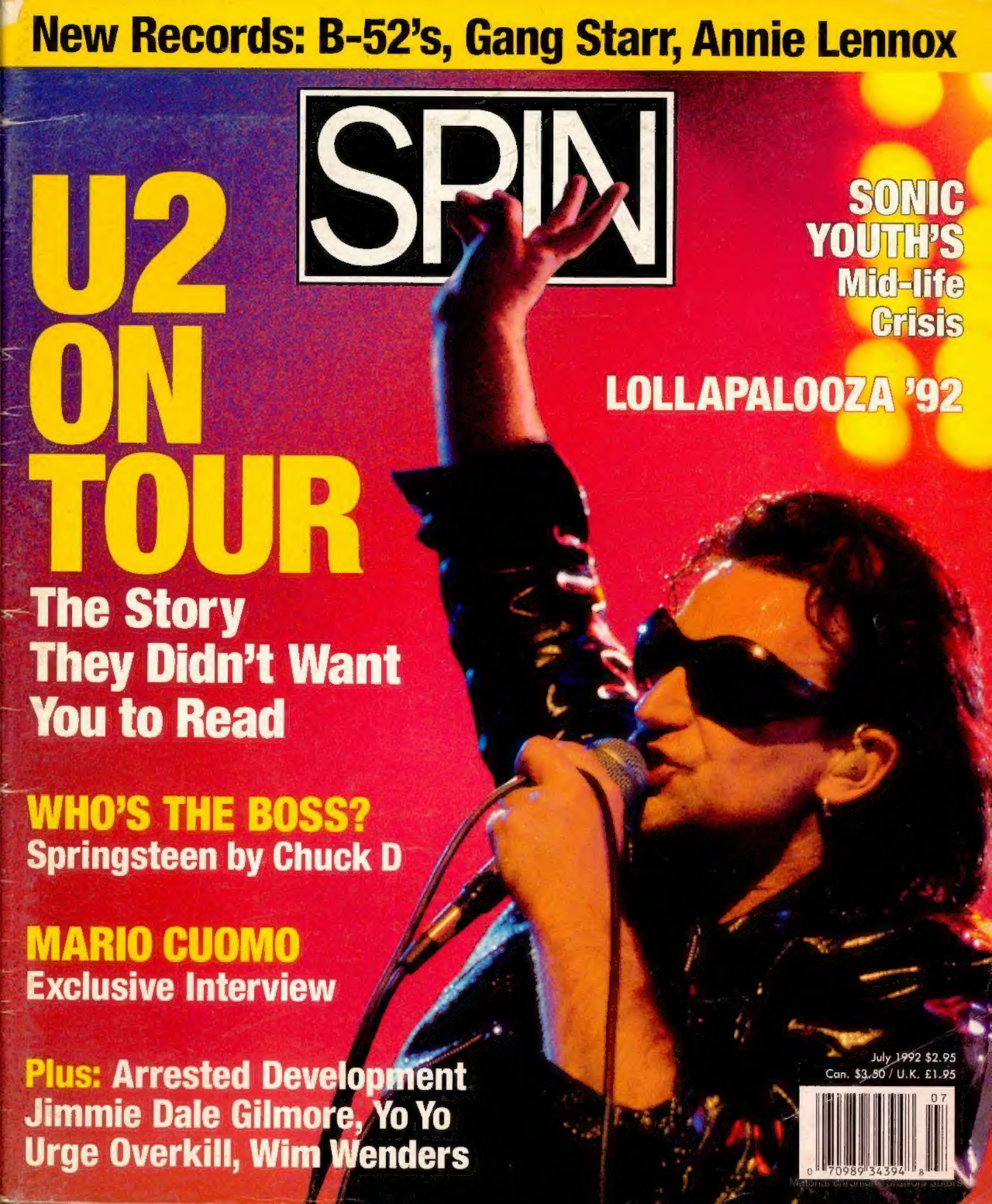
SONIC YOUTH'S Mid-life Crisis

LOLLAPALOOZA '92

WHO'S THE BOSS?
Springsteen by Chuck D

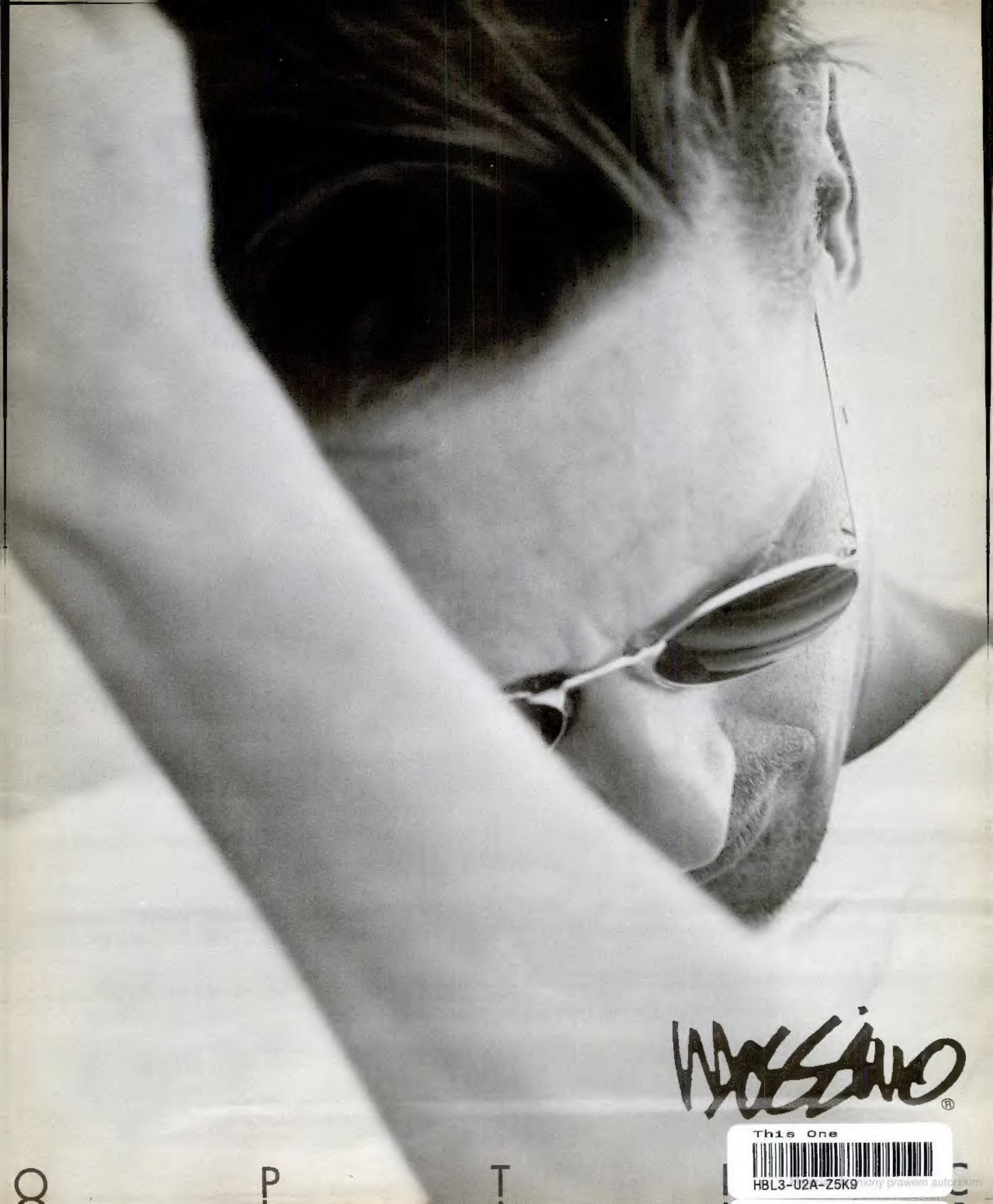
MARIO CUOMO
Exclusive Interview

Plus: Arrested Development
Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Yo Yo
Urge Overkill, Wim Wenders



July 1992 $2.95
Can. $3.50 / U.K. £1.95

SAUZA
CONMEMORATIVO
TEQUILA
AÑEJO
ELABORADO POR
TEQUILA SAUZA, S. A.
NUNEZ 80 — TEQUILA JALISCO
Reg. SSA. No. 66492B Marca Reg.
Reg. Fed. Causts. Tax 67120B
40% ALC. BY VOL.
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
HECHO EN
MEXICO
NOM 1102-1
CONMEMORATIVO
100% natural gold tequila
Authentic. Aged in oak barrels. Naturally gold.
No caramel color. For over one hundred years.
Decidedly different. Uncommonly smooth.
DOMECQ IMPORTERS INC., OLD GREENWICH, CT 40% ALC./VOL.



This One
H8L3-U2A-Z5K9

NA★NA INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH

POLECLIMBERS

NEW LOCATIONS: L.A. OUTLET 310-653-1252
(MID JUNE) NEW YORK 212-274-0749

NEW YORK 212 496 2955 | SANTA MONICA 310 394 9690 | SAN FRANCISCO 415 861 NANA

FOR CATALOG & STICKER SEND $2.00 TO Na Na, DEPT. SP
1228 THIRD STREET SANTA MONICA CA 90401
MAIL ORDER INFO 1 800 247 4728 WHOLESALE INFO 310-394-5535

GENUINE NA NA POLECLIMBERS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE AT:
ROBERT WAYNE & RESTYLE - L.A. CATWALK - SANDIEGO :
WEAR BEST TRASH SVAUDEVILLE BROADWAY'S VILLAGE COBBLER - NYC
AND OTHER FINE STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

PHOTO: TERRENCE SCOTT @ NA NA'S STUDIO

Material choreographed by Jennifer Gorskin

HOLLI WOULD IF SHE COULD.
COOL WORLD
PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A FRANK MANCUSO, JR. PRODUCTION A FILM BY RALPH BAKSHI KIM BASINGER COOL WORLD GABRIEL BYRNE BRAD PITT
MUSIC SCORE BY MARK ISHAM
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN A. ALONZO A.S.C.
WRITTEN BY MICHAEL GRAIS & MARK VICTOR
SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON WARNER BROS. COMPACT DISCS AND CASSETTES
SUMMER '92
PRODUCED BY FRANK MANCUSO, JR.
DIRECTED BY RALPH BAKSHI
DOLBY STEREO
A PARAMOUNT COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

I've been down at the bar with everything but the game.
Chicago calls time out.
and suddenly we're watching that wild Bud commercial!
Sounds good, whose turn to buy
Budweiser
Avoiding the usual debate, I say next round's on me.
Getting through the crowd wasn't easy.
And then the bartender was really busy,
But that didn't stop me from getting it.
And when I finally made it back to the table
my chair was taken
a cute friend
of a friend
of a friend
Then I asked me where I've been all night
and she asks me where I've been all night
Then I asked me where I've been all night
and she asks me where I've been all night
Then I asked me where I've been all night
and she asks me where I've been all night

IN

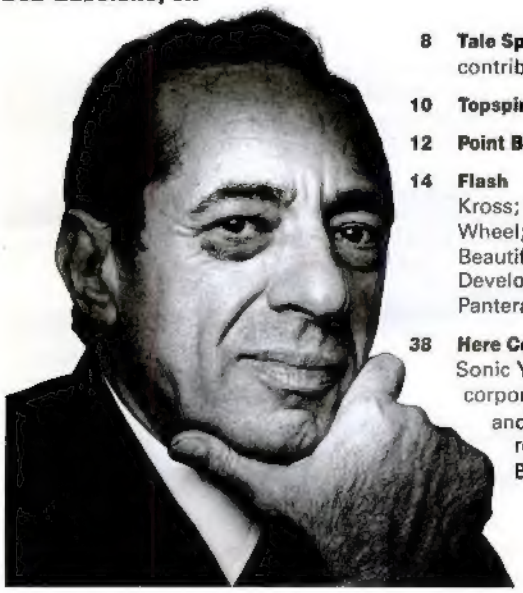
Volume 8, Number 4
July 1992

Animal Farm, page 32

Greatest show on earth or circus of egos? Phineas T. Barnum had nothing on U2's Zoo TV tour. By Jim Greer.

Mario Cuomo, page 50

A potent political pundit and once a presidential possibility, New York governor Mario Cuomo wrestles with America's fate, pop culture, and more. Interview by Michael Pakenham and Bob Guccione, Jr.



JESSE FROHMAN

8 **Tale Spinners** Our contributors.

10 **Topspin**

12 **Point Blank** Letters.

14 **Flash** Urge Overkill; Kris Kross; Super Cat; Catherine Wheel; Arc Angels; the Beautiful South; Arrested Development; Boyz II Men; Pantera; and more.

38 **Here Comes the Bride** Sonic Youth on success, corporate rock, and and its upcoming release, *Dirty*. By Jack Mason.

43 **Role Call** Public Enemy's front man remembers the Boss's glory days as he ponders Bruce Springsteen's impact. By Chuck D.

44 **Wim's Desires** Wim Wenders's rock'n'roll fancies take wing. By Karen Dillon.

49 **Mother of Pearl** Yo Yo reveals her agenda of feisty feminism. By Joan Morgan.

58 **Western Beat Happening** Jimmie Dale Gilmore: an urbane urban cowboy. By Alec Foege.

60 **AIDS** For street children drawn into the world of prostitution, AIDS is a grim reality. By David Theis.

63 **Moving Images** Ralph Bakshi's *Cool World*. By Lauren Oliver. Plus, *The Gun in Betty Lou's Handbag* and Coming Attractions. By Jonathan Bernstein.

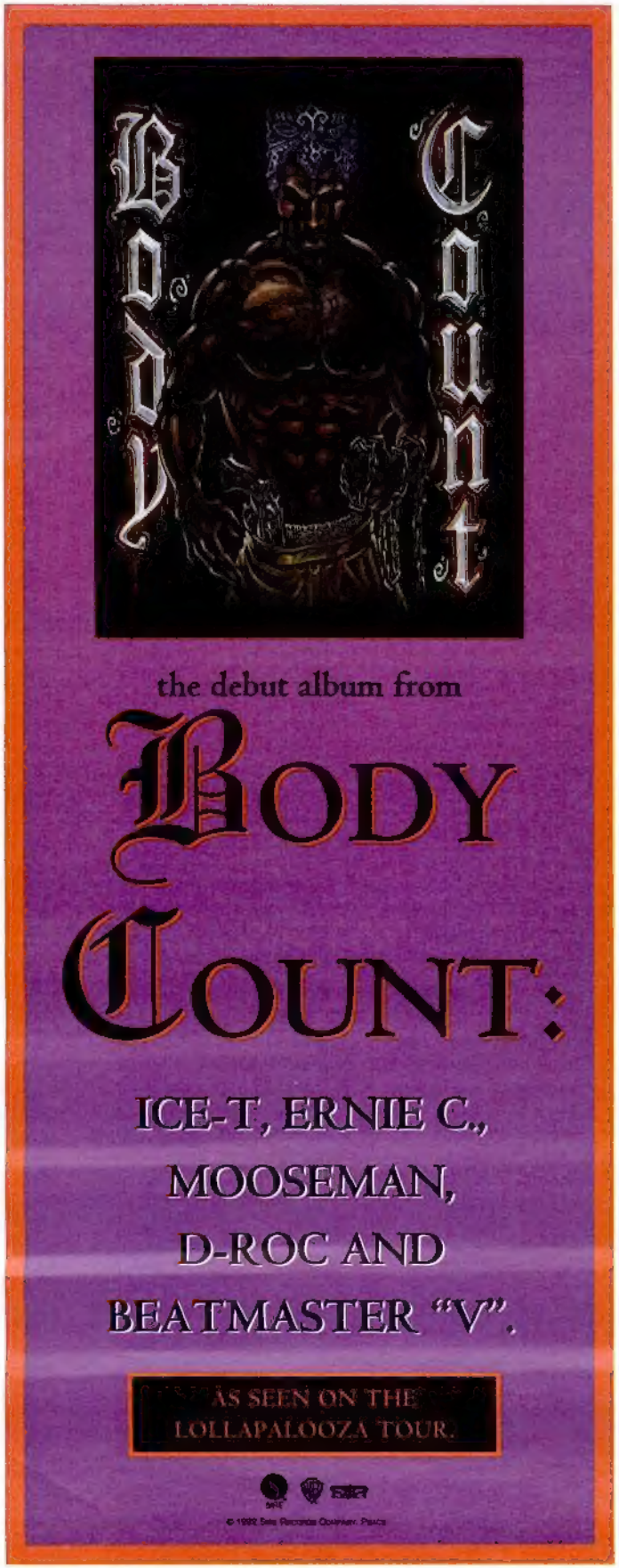
67 **Dreaming America** *Invisible Man* author Ralph Ellison is made real; and Run-D.M.C. pre–reel-to-reel. By Scott Poulson-Bryant.

69 **Spins** Records.

88 **Out** Closing comments.

Cover by Larry Busacca. Above photograph by Darren Keith.

Material chroniony prawem autorskim



SPIN

Editor & Publisher:
Bob Guccione, Jr.

Executive Editor: **Michael Pakenham**

Managing Editor: **Mark Woodruff**
Senior Writer: **Celia Farber**
Senior Editors: **Mark Blackwell, Jim Greer, Regina Joseph, Lauren Spencer**
Nashville Editor: **Nancy Barry**
Copy Editor: **Alec Foege** Assistant Copy Editor: **Gail O'Hara**
Research Editor: **Staci Bonner** Assistant Research Editor: **Daniel Fidler**
Editorial Assistant: **Mark Evers**
Executive Assistant to the Publisher: **J. Matthew Hanna**
Assistant to the Publisher: **Doreen Bucher**

Art Director: **Stephen Webster**
Associate Art Directors: **Roger Greiner, Elizabeth Grubaugh**
Art Assistant: **Shana Sobel**
Production Director: **Paul Brockmann**

Contributing Editors: **Jonathan Bernstein, Jim Bessman, Steven Blush, William S. Burroughs, Dean Christopher, Byron Coley, Michael Corcoran, Ralf Dietrich, Chuck Eddy, Gavin Edwards, Danny Fields, Jim Fouratt, Richard Gehr, Robert Gordon, Richard Hell, Bill Holdship, Tama Janowitz, Dean Kuipers, Martin Lee, Bob Mack, Bönz Malone, Ben Metcalf, Joan Morgan, Glenn O'Brien, Jill Pearlman, Scott Poulson-Bryant, Lisa Robinson, Terry Southern, Nick Tosches, Timothy White, Jon Young**

General Manager: **Valerie J. Green**

Vice President/Director of Advertising: **John Rollins**
New York Sales Manager: **Grace Whitney** West Coast Sales Manager: **Anita Rao Keech**
Account Managers: New York: **Peter Naylor, Paula Romano, Harry Taylor/Fashion & Fragrance;** West Coast: **Susan Steel;** Midwest: **Malcolm Campbell, Christopher Schuba & Company;** Detroit: **Dan Fitzgerald;** Milan: **Jeffrey Byrnes, JB Marketing**
Classified Advertising Manager: **Fred McIntyre**
Promotion Art Director: **Holly Holliday**
Publicity Director: **Jill Swid**
Advertising Research Manager: **Rita Malatesta**
Advertising Coordinator: **Jeanine Triolo**
Advertising Assistants: **Michael Gonzalez (New York), Kathryn Giacobazzi (West Coast)**
Office Manager and Assistant to the General Manager: **Rose Bieszcz**

Vice President/Circulation: **Brendan E. Amyot**
Subscription Manager: **Susan Gordon Lebwith**
Circulation Analyst: **Dana Sacher**
Controller: **Halina Feldsott**
Accounts Manager: **Dawn Labriola**
Receptionist Extraordinaire: **Susan DeCapite**

Advertising Offices: **New York**—6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011-4608; (212) 633-8200; fax (212) 633-9041; **West Coast**—11950 San Vicente Blvd., Suite 216, Los Angeles, CA 90049; (310) 820-8183; **Midwest**—22 West Erie Street, Chicago, IL 60610; (312) 482-8099; **Detroit**—2685 Lapeer Road, Suite 100, Auburn Hills, MI 48057; (313) 373-1026; **Milan**—Corso Buenos Aires 30, 20122 Milano, Italy; (392) 295-29712

For questions about new or current subscriptions, call 1-800-829-9093. To change your address, send both old and new addresses to SPIN, *P.O. Box 420193, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0193. Allow six to eight weeks.*

SPIN is published by Camouflage Associates
Chairman of the Board: Stephen C. Swid
President: Bob Guccione, Jr.
Vice Chairman and Executive Publisher: David H. Horowitz

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

JENSEN SOUND ROCKS YOU OVER THE TOP.

400 WATT A432BBE®
HIGH DEFINITION AMP

GET READY FOR A PEAK EXPERIENCE. THE NEW A432BBE® HIGH DEFINITION AMP. THE ONLY CAR AMP IN THE WORLD TO ACTUALLY IMPROVE SOUND WITH RECORDING STUDIO TECHNOLOGY. WITH OTHER AMPS, SIMILAR INSTRUMENTS ARE SOMETIMES HARD TO TELL APART. BBE TECHNOLOGY DIVIDES AND DEFINES SOUND SO YOU HEAR EACH INSTRUMENT DISTINCTLY. AND, OF COURSE, IT HAS 400 WATTS OF HEART-STOPPING POWER. WITH THE FLICK OF A SWITCH, IT GROWS FROM 2 TO 3 TO 4 CHANNELS. TEAM IT WITH JENSEN SPEAKERS, RECEIVERS OR CD PLAYER. FOR FREE LITERATURE AND THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER, CALL 1-800-67-SOUND.

JENSEN®

THE MOST THRILLING SOUND ON WHEELS.

©1992 JENSEN IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF INTERNATIONAL JENSEN, INC. BBE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF BBE SOUND INCORPORATED. IN CANADA, CALL SCI PRODUCTS 604-273-1095 (VANCOUVER), 416-890-0298 (TORONTO).

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

"★★★★—an album of quiet, deep and expansive joy...not merely novel or exotic but a fresh, real and unusual musical experience." *Rolling Stone*

"Conveys the buoyant possibilities and irrepressible spirit that separates African music from all others." *Philadelphia Inquirer*

KRONOS QUARTET PIECES OF AFRICA

© 1992 Elektra Entertainment, a division of Warner Communications, Inc. © A Time Warner Company

For credit card orders call 800-262-3472

Stick around for Iceland

Enter to win a trip for two to Iceland, land of the

SUGARCUBES

All you've got to do is answer the following question.

What kind of joy would you stick around for?

Send your answer with your name, address, telephone number and age to:
Sugarcubes Contest c/o Elektra Entertainment
75 Rockefeller Plaza 17th Flr., New York, NY 10019

Prizes will be awarded for the most creative answers.
1 Grand Prize: 5 day, 4 night trip for two to Iceland including air travel, accommodations and a total of $300 spending money.
45 First Prizes: Sugarcubes T-Shirt and a CD of each Sugarcubes recording. 90 Second Prizes: Sugarcubes T-Shirt.

Air travel provided by ICELANDAIR

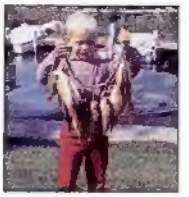
Elektra

All entries must be received by June 30, 1992. Void where prohibited by law. No purchase necessary. You must be 18 years of age to enter and a resident of the United States. Winner will be selected based upon description submitted. Employees of Time Warner, Iceland Air, TV and radio stations are ineligible. Complete rules available at Elektra Entertainment.
© 1992 Elektra Entertainment, a division of Warner Communications Inc. A Time Warner Company.

TALE SPINNERS

Joining the juggernaut that is U2's Zoo TV tour, Senior Editor **Jim Greer** investigates the band's mysterious ways for SPIN's July cover (*page 32*). In addition to dodging cease-and-desist entreaties from U2's management, intrepid reporter Greer endured a jaunt of over 7,000 miles in a rented minivan and subsisted almost entirely on sustenance from Taco Bell. • Public Enemy's **Chuck D**, the self-styled ambassador of rap, gives us his take on America's blue-collar rock icon Bruce Springsteen (*page 43*) and concedes an affection for the Boss. In addition to being a rapper, Chuck D is CEO of RappStyle, a hip hop clothing manufacturing company whose future, says Chuck D, "is some incredible shit." • To get Sonic Youth's perspective on the fickle finger of success, **Jack Mason** interviewed the band in the studio as it completed its upcoming release, *Dirty* (*page 38*). Says Mason, "Even the most independent-minded musicians, like Sonic Youth, are part of a large and profitable business." Mason has written for *Sports Illustrated*, *People*, and *Omni* and cowrote the screenplay for the movie *A Matter of Degrees*. • SPIN alumnus **Glenn O'Brien** ruminates on the politics of the upcoming presidential election in this month's Topspin (*page 10*). • Before traipsing up to SoHo to chow down with SPIN's **Alec Foege**, Texas-born country rocker Jimmie Dale Gilmore checked out New York's Chinatown with photographer (and native New Yorker) **Michael Halsband** (*page 58*). Halsband's photographs have appeared in a variety of publications over the past 15 years, including *Life*, *Vanity Fair*, *Esquire*, and *Vogue*. • Infiltrating the gritty world of Houston, Texas's street children, reporter **David Theis** reveals the threat of AIDS and what one group is doing to help in Words From the Front (*page 60*). • German director and rock connoisseur Wim Wenders ponders music, films, and the American dream with **Karen Dillon** (*page 44*). Currently working on a documentary on home schooling, Dillon is also finishing a novel called *The Smell of Spiders*.

Chuck D


Jack Mason

Michael Halsband

Karen Dillon

Employee of the Month is West Coast Sales Manager Anita Rao Keech. At two months old, Anita's baby Nicholas is already an avid SPIN reader. It's time to revise the demographics. . . .

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

MIGUL
BEAR
(714)
963-3131 LAGUNA BEACH 494-4136

TOP SPIN

Well, here's mud in your eye.

Every four years it's the same old grudge match in a pit of mud. The Republicans make TV commercials out of mug shots, while the Democrats deny the moral charges, and vice versa. Democratic and Republican candidates alike are accused of cheating on exams, cheating on the draft, cheating on the wife, cheating on the mistress, cheating on the IRS, cheating on the campaign funds, cheating everyone but themselves. Who's got time to throw an idea in edgewise?

And how often is it that the candidate who seems "most likely to succeed" is the very one brought low by that fatal Achilles' sound bite? Even the most brilliant and able of us occasionally err. One night at the No Tell Motel doesn't mean we shouldn't trust them with our nuclear arsenal.

Clearly there's a better way to choose our leaders. There must be a way to give ideas the same time we give gossip in the selection process—a way to give the most talented people a chance to do the job. That way is the Guilty Party.

The Guilty Party is based on the novel concepts of repentance and forgiveness. What do you want from a leader: innocence or experience? You can't have it both ways. With the Guilty Party, you have experience plus the freedom to tell the truth about it. If you are the candidate for the Guilty Party, it's okay that you inhaled.

The idea of the Guilty Party is simple. To join, you simply have to admit your guilt. Confess. Get it off your chest and move on. The slogan of the Guilty Party could be "Live and learn" or "Try and try again" or maybe "Well, *excu-use* me."

The candidates of the Guilty Party will be people who have learned by trial and error and aren't afraid to admit it. They may have screwed around on their wives, dodged the draft, cheated in college, smoked grass, snorted a line of coke, or patronized a hooker. The important thing is that they have learned from it.

These are the years of the Woodstock Generation Presidents. Maybe now we will learn that it is important that the President be allowed to have a life. Even a sex life. Perhaps the root cause of the recession, the cold war, and many other problems that have plagued this country in the latter half of this century can be linked to a lack of orgone energy in the Oval Office.

Let's face it—America's collective fertility is not stimulated by the present leadership. The President is a magical figure. And John Kennedy was the last President to fulfill the magic of the presidency, causing growth, change, cultural fertility. Like a tribal king, a President can inspire fertility in his constituency. America clearly needs a boost now.

Maybe what America needs now to recover its position on top of the world is a lusty President. Maybe America needs a bachelor President. Even a bachelor ticket like Brown/Kerrey. Maybe America needs some charisma, some glamour, some life. America has already been screwed, maybe now it needs to be satisfied. Maybe America needs somebody really knocking some boots in the White House. Only the Guilty Party can offer that leadership.

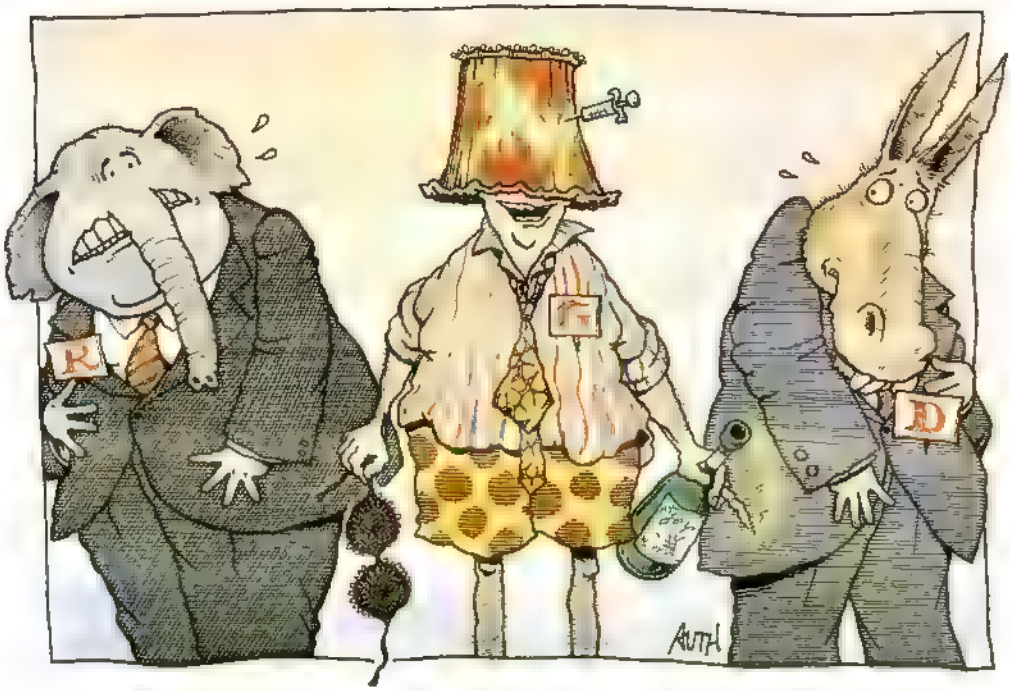
Madonna could be the perfect candidate for the Guilty Party. She has discovered that any fault can be forgiven if it is admitted. In *Truth or Dare* she reveals a post-McLuhan eroto-Machiavellian technique for eliminating guilt by eliminating shame. Isn't this the kind of leadership we need in politics? The kind that's got nothing to hide. The kind that isn't ashamed. What about Warren Beatty? The country would obviously be in experienced hands.

If we want the best leadership in every area, we're going to have to expand our talent pool. That's what the Guilty Party is all about. It's about bringing people back into the system. It's about opening the field to all of those who are truly qualified, whether they are from civil service, the private sector, 12-step programs, or even from the Federal Witness Protection Program.

America needs a Guilty Party because only its candidates will be able to boast of an intimate personal knowledge of America's problems. America incarcerates more of its citizens per capita than any other country in the world, clearly beating out its No. 1 rival, the Republic of South Africa. The Guilty Party will be able to deal with reducing the jail population because we've been there. The Guilty Party will be able to deal with drugs because we've dealt with them, or even dealt them. The Guilty Party will be able to deal with the crisis of the family because it has been separated, divorced, and remarried.

The Guilty Party is perfect because it is imperfect by definition. It is a recovering party. It is a codependent party. But so is everyone else. Maybe we'll even write a Declaration of Codependence. The unique power of the Guilty Party is that it is powerless over power. The Guilty Party lives one issue at a time. The motto of the Guilty Party is, I did it and I'm glad, because now I know better. The Guilty Party might even do it again. The Guilty Party isn't afraid of anything, not even of making a mistake.

—Glenn O'Brien



TONY AUTH

VAN GRACK

THE SOUP DRAGONS
★ HOTWIRED ★
The New Album Featuring Divine Thing
Available at your local record store
To order by phone, call:
TOLL FREE 1-800-950-5959

POINT BLANK LETTERS

. . . the Dead Kennedys. . . .
BRIAN KELHAM
PETERSBURG, MINNESOTA

Wait, There's More

I so appreciate your having given Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten a cover in 1992, a year in which many people define punk as the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Nirvana.
VAMNP BRIGGETT
VERNON, CONNECTICUT

Thanks for the profile of the Sex Pistols. That band practically changed my life.
JOHN H. REDFORD
PORT ALBERNI, BRITISH COLUMBIA

In the wake of Nirvana's success and the new focus on punk, SPIN cites the Sex Pistols as the No. 1 greatest band of all time. Well, duh. Has it taken you that long to figure that out?
CATHERINE M. MCCABE
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

The Magnificent Seven?

The seven greatest rock bands of all time [April '92]? Give me a break! Leave the list-making to *Rolling Stone* and write some real articles, instead of simply rehashing old poop. Get off it, and show me something I haven't seen or heard.
PAUL SEMRAD
DALLAS, TEXAS

Is your choice of the seven greatest bands some kind of April Fool's joke? The Sex Pistols, the Ramones, and Public Enemy among the greats? I'm surprised Right Said Fred didn't crack the Top Ten.
CANDIDO ATAIDE, JR.
HILLSIDE, NEW JERSEY

God bless you for your April issue, as well as your choices for the seven greatest bands. Bands such as the Sex Pistols, Led Zeppelin, and Public Enemy have contributed a vast amount to the music industry. I must admit I was a tad disappointed to see that Right Said Fred and Warrant were not among the choices . . . yeah, right!!
ERIC E BARNES
ROCKLIN, CALIFORNIA

What about Bob? Dylan, that is.
J. NOAH ROST
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

I was surprised and disappointed you left the name Big Star off your list.
MARK YANES
BROCKTON, PENNSYLVANIA

. . . U2 . . .
DORI EDWARDS
LANDRUM, SOUTH CAROLINA

. . . Pink Floyd . . .
WILLIAM G. BLACK
TAMPA, FLORIDA

. . . Black Sabbath . . .
SCOTT SWINNEY
PLANO, TEXAS

Killer Queen

How refreshing of Jim Greer to have the decency to acknowledge Queen [Blue Light Special, April '92] A lot of folks tend to blow off Queen because the band fell prey to the same music-industry trappings that ensnared all the "megastars" of the pathetic '80s. But early Queen is nothing short of stupendous.
JOHN GILL
ASTORIA, NEW YORK

When Freddie died, my Queen albums were suddenly all I wanted to hear. Everything else pales beside that "awe-inspiring stylistic breadth" and I rediscovered the richness, humor, and sheer chutzpah I'd almost forgotten.
MICHELLE M. BOURG
NORCROSS, GEORGIA

Jerrypandering

Is the CIA paying you to print propaganda about the Grateful Dead and Deadheads ["Polaroids From the Dead," April '92]? The article doesn't touch upon the hardships Deadheads face, such as those brought on by articles, like yours, that depict Deadheads as a bunch of loser druggies. 'Heads are the kindest people I've ever met—much nicer than the punks I've met at Ramones concerts.
CHRISTOPHER NOLAND
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Having attended some 200 Grateful Dead concerts, I found Mr. Coupland's essay portrayed a scene very different from the one I'm used to. While that dark, grungy side exists (as it does everywhere), so, too, does a warm, kinder element. There are plenty of happy, good people who are able to put the whole Dead experience in perspective.

DAVID BROOKS
PORTLAND, OREGON

Douglas Coupland is God! Only he can take something as tired as the Dead scene and turn it into a piece of literature.

MATT HABER
GREAT NECK, NEW YORK

Thank you for disgracing a fine seventh-anniversary issue with a frightening amount of text on Deadheads. That's what we all need; some lamebrain deadbeat shoving a pen in front of a bunch of mindless 19-year-olds too lazy to do anything but get pissed at the suburbs. The only thing worse than those talentless hucksters onstage are the smugly ignorant collegiates watching them. Get your heads out of your Birkenstocks. We get enough of these patchouli droolers peddling acid, used clothing, and fashionable causes on the streets.

DAVID MARTIN
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Dear Mr. Coupland:
What?

DWIGHT FENTON
HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

AIDS

Thank you for "AIDS: Words From the Front" [March '92].

It's especially refreshing to see people in the music industry taking a positive stand on these crucial issues. If it saves only one life, you have accomplished something invaluable. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

MICHAEL THOMAS FORD
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Dreaming America

After reading Scott Poulson-Bryant's "All I Know (Part 2)" [Dreaming America, May '92], I thought of a few things I had been trying to "ignore": Many white kids, as well as black kids, wear Malcolm X hats and T-shirts without thinking what that "X" stands for; some Public Enemy fans, both black and white, buy albums to be hip rather than to listen to what the band says; and white kids who sing rap songs that use the word "nigga." I vote we get rid of the word altogether.

LARRY BOWMAN
PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

What's Your Sign?

[Re: "Star Trek," May '92] Mark Blackwell sucks! I'm wondering, did he know that troubled, misaligned Arieses are homicidal and we know his address? Stop that dollar scam! By the way, love your magazine.

SARAH ROBERTS
EVERETT, WASHINGTON

I'm not really an Aries, I'm a Gemini—a loser. I figured that if I sent you a dollar I could achieve my life goal: manager of the popcorn store where I work. Actually, I didn't have a dollar, so I was going to send a beer, but I sort of drank the last one. Instead, I sent this library overdue notice in the hopes that either you'll pay it or something good will happen to me (like someone paying my library fine).

SUSAN K. GLOVER
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Mark Blackwell, you are an evil embezzler of money. Do you really think I'm going to send you a dollar? Think again, buddy. Your use of a good, wholesome publication like SPIN for your dastardly extortion is disgraceful. What would you do if someone actually sent you money? You'd probably laugh all the way to the bank without a second thought. I know your kind. My mother warned me against people like you. I think you should send *me* some money.

MIKE WILCOCK
SCOTIA, NEW YORK

What kind of a stunt is this? I guess the kind a stupid guy like me would fall for. Anyway, my life is shit—so here's a buck. Make me happy.

JEREMY CHASTEEN
ELK RIVER, MINNESOTA

Address letters to: Point Blank, SPIN, 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011. Include your name and daytime phone number for verification. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

NICKS.
NICKS.
NICKS.
NICKS.
NIX.
NEW
edge
GEL
for closer, more comfortable shaves
Extra Protection against Nicks and Cuts
INTRODUCING NEW EDGE GEL EXTRA PROTECTION FORMULA. With more friction-reducing lubricants, it protects you from nicks and cuts better than foams. For a closer, smoother shave, it's just in the nick of time.
ULTIMATE CLOSENESS. ULTIMATE COMFORT. THAT'S THE EDGE.
© 1992 S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc. All rights reserved

Look, it's Urge Overkill with martinis! *From left*: King Roeser, Blackie Onassis, and Nash Kato.

playboys of the midwestern world

Chicago's Urge Overkill injects a much-needed dose of style into the oft-drab world of alternative rock.

Forget the blues—Urge Overkill is Chicago's finest export. The band's reputation has snowballed since its beginnings there in the mid-'80s, due to its consistency as a must-see live act and a fine crafter of songs. An ultraflamboyant image is another cause for the rep. When it comes to threads, Urge Overkill gets away with murder—gold-tone medallions, velvet blazers, white patent-leather loafers, space jumpsuits. Heck, these guys hardly touch denim, leather, and flannel, offstage or on. The members are proud of their hometown and, considering the quality of the time I spent with them there, I'd say Chicago could do a lot worse than appoint them ambassadors of the city.

Nash Kato, guitarist and vocalist, pulls his '73 Cougar XR7, a vintage cruiser extraordinaire, to a grinding halt outside Pops for Champagne bar on Chicago's north side. Urge Overkill has just scalped its U2 tickets and aims to use the funds to show an unsuspecting SPIN writer what a night on the town is all about. We tumble into the bar and King Roeser, bass guitarist and vocalist, orders a magnum of champagne, which he cryptically describes as "the second closest thing to heaven that you can drink." The Urge guys are celebrating a brand-new EP on the Chicago indie Touch and Go, an upcoming major-label debut on either Geffen or DGC, and—last but not least—a set of souvenir James Bond 007 martini glasses they found on their latest thrift-store run.

Several rounds later we find ourselves cruising to an after-hours club, and drummer Blackie Onassis, who's riding shotgun, pops in a cassette.

"Um, this is our new EP," he says. "We're pretty happy with it."

The understatement of the year. The six-song disc called *Stull* is pretty close to flawless, including a mind-boggling cover of Neil Diamond's "Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon" (which sounds as good during the 20th listen, at home, as it did that first time in Kato's car.)

"We met Neil Diamond," says Roeser, his voice swelling with pride. "We chatted for ten minutes, and he gave us some good career advice." What was it? Well, Diamond told the boys to "always remember to leave some room at the top for him." Urge eagerly agreed.

The songs on *Stull* show off the same range of craftsmanship as last year's awe-inspiring, Funkadelic-meets-the-'69-Stones modbeat-fest *Supersonic Storybook*. The standout title track is dark, haunting, and brooding, with a cool throbbing beat.

"Stull is a town in Kansas that's supposed to be the geographical center of the U.S.," explains Roeser. "It's nothing but a cemetery and an old burnt-out church. About 60 people live there, and it's a really frightening place. Supposedly it's some kind of cult location for satanists—one of the seven gates of Hell."

"And the center of our country as well," adds Kato.

I wake up the next afternoon on the black vinyl couch in the lounge room at Urge HQ with a half-empty bottle of Beaujolais on the comma-shaped end table next to me. I groan and wheeze my way into the adjoining room where Onassis and Kato are sipping coffee and watching *All My Children*. I ask them how they do it. "This is our life-style," exclaims Onassis. "We are here to resurrect the era of the swinger—the late '60s, the playboy life when America was a fun place. The golden era of Vegas, Neil Diamond, moonlight dancing, and Anton La Vey!"

I nod my head and reach for the Alka-Seltzer.

Urge Overkill has a sense of style unheard of for ages in rock'n'roll. The band is flashy and funky, balancing on the razor's edge between good and bad taste. In this era of in-your-face macho rock à la Seattle and Los Angeles, Urge Overkill serves its musical dish à la romance.

"We are for the ladies," says Onassis. "Our self-confidence is at a level where we don't have to prove our masculinity with any bogus caveman grunts."

"We do rock out," Kato clarifies. "But writing good songs is what we're about foremost. A lot of bands seem to be afraid to show they have more emotions than anger. We are not afraid."

And they have no reason to be. If you're looking for the Next Big Thing, you should stop right now because there is no such. But there is a handful of bands around that *matter*, and Urge is by far one of the best.

JOHAN KUGELBERG

Photograph by Danny Clinch

Lemonheads *It's a Shame About Ray* (Atlantic) Evan Dando makes a triumphant return with a fifth heaping hamper of catchy, crafty, guitar-pop ditties via his wonderful Lemonheads. Dando bares his clever heart and soul for a twisted-love-song-heavy set à la the Replacements—or even the Smithereens. Bassist Juliana Hatfield plays baby-girl Kim Deal on a few tracks. (Blackwell)

Various Artists *Metal Age: The Roots of Metal* (Rhino) Bluesy filler aside, this collection of '70s shrapnel is the real *Wayne's World* soundtrack. From these shores: Johnny Winter, the Runaways, Cheap Trick, Blue Öyster Cult; and, from the U.K.—when they still knew what to do with their guitars: UFO, Status Quo, Hawkwind, and Motörhead (what, no Thin Lizzy!?) Let's get rocked! (Bernstein)

Die Toten Hosen *Learning English, Lesson One* (Charisma). Dig out your dusty bondage trousers: This German punk band manqué teams up with Sham 69's Jimmy Pursey, the Damned's Captain Sensible, and the late Johnny Thunders to faithfully cover a few tasty '70s rebel standards. Die Toten Hosen even performs the penultimate punk penance by allowing Great Train robber and Sex Pistols host Ronnie Biggs to help warble "Carnival in Rio (Punk Was)." Ah, memories! (Joseph)

HEAVY ROTATION

STAFF SELECTIONS

k.d. lang *Ingenue* (Sire) After four great but sort-of-experimental records, k.d. lang has written one from the heart. This beautiful ten-song set, filled with ethereal mood gems such as "Save Me," "Outside Myself," and "Wash Me Clean," shows why this singer-lyricist is one of the greatest female voices of our generation. She'll have to make room on her Grammy shelf. (Evers)

Flop *Flop & the Fall of the Mopsqueezer* (Frontier). Tight Seattle power pop from a band whose members earned their stripes with Pure Joy, Chemistry Set, and the Fastbacks. This release merges way catchy melodies and harmonies with distortorama guitars—most of the songs are under three minutes. These guys almost called themselves Buttsweat and Tears, which says something—I'm not sure exactly what. (Spencer)

Doubting Thomas *The Infidel* (Wax Trax). An instrumental offering from the duo behind Skinny Puppy, this is an exercise in morbidity minus the bloodcurdling vocals. Tracks such as "Theme From Pressurehead" seem to have been written for a psychological horror film. Until then, this can be used as a soundtrack to enhance the dull moments of life. Play it while doing laundry or cleaning your closet—and let the suspense consume you. (Bonner)

Boston's Cavedogs stay true to their heroes and avoid the sophomore slump.

If forced to choose, Cavedogs bassist Brian Stevens would pass up Bob Mould's melodies for those of Burt Bacharach. "I'd have to prefer Burt, because I grew up with him," explains Stevens, adding that he and the other 'Dogs spent the previous night letting the *What's New, Pussycat?* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* soundtracks shake up a lethargic audience they'd just encountered.

Though "On for the Ride," from the band's second album, *Soul Martini*, feels a little like a classic Burt Bacharach–Hal David waltz, don't expect this Boston trio to camp through "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" (but on a good night you might catch a rave-up of the infinitely preferable "What's New, Pussycat?"). The 'Dogs would never desecrate their icons for kitsch value.

The British new wave rescued the Cavedogs from their K-Tel collections. By the time Stevens and guitarist Todd Spahr hooked up with drummer Mark Rivers in 1985, they'd found an outlet for their musical impulses that took the carefully constructed melodies of the likes of Bacharach and the Raspberries and infused them with enough abandon to separate their band from the '70s nostalgia merchants.

NOTHIN' BUT A CAVEDOG

Boston's Cavedogs, *from left*: Mark Rivers, Todd Spahr, and Brian Stevens.

"We're all three '70s kids," Stevens says. "For better or worse, both the good and the bad of the decade had an influence on us."

Talk about the bad: Their "Boy in a Plastic Bubble," an edgy example of power-pop sarcasm, draws its title from John Travolta's 1976 TV flick, *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble*. "It's a fairly obvious metaphor," says Rivers, who wrote the lyrics and sings the song (the Cavedogs alternate lead vocals). "If we'd gotten Travolta for the video it would have been great, but we didn't even try."

The Cavedogs are notable for their cultural acumen as well as their hooks. In "Love Grenade," Stevens describes—in a perfect John Lennon imitation—a love-hate relationship with all the mythology and musical sensibilities of the '60s. And by making their social statements self-effacing and not self-righteous, the Cavedogs avoid the politically correct facade that makes hypo-crits of the best of us. Despite the distaste for violent voyeurism expressed in "Murder," each Cavedog admits to having a favorite Desert Storm video clip. That's honesty—to confess your attraction to the things you hate most.

Yet even during the album's most vitriolic moments on "Here Comes Rosie," there's no escaping those childhood idols. Just before an explosive guitar solo, Spahr screams out the title, meant to evoke the presence of sensitive ex-footballer Rosie Grier. "It seemed like a big deal to yell something," says Spahr. "Somehow the idea came up that Rosie Grier was going to smash through the wall at that point—maybe with finger sandwiches or something." BRIAN MANSFIELD

KEVIN WILKES

JUST ADD BACARDI

Bacardi® rum Made in Puerto Rico. BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. ©1992 BACARDI IMPORTS INC. MIAMI FL. 40% ALC BY VOL

charlie's angels

The young rebel with the killer blue eyes is fooling around on a piano at the Austin Rehearsal Complex in Texas. "I left home when I was 12," he says. "Moved to the city, got a job, went to school, and played in a band. How often do you see a 13-year-old kid having a nervous breakdown?"

Charlie Sexton began his musical career at the tender age of 11, and his partner in crime, Doyle Bramhall II, had a similar experience, being rocked to sleep at the clubs his dad jammed at during the '70s. Sexton and Bramhall cut their teeth on punk and the blues. "I'd go to punk shows to get aggression out," explains Sexton.

"I used to play these blues jams, with my head shaved on the sides," adds Bramhall. "I had a mohawk and a zoot suit."

These two 23-year-old guitar dudes make up half of the sweaty roots-rock band the Arc Angels. Completing the circle on bass and drums are, respectively, Tommy Shannon and Chris Layton, both of whom used to be in Stevie Ray Vaughan's Double Trouble. When the four crossed paths at this Austin, Texas, rehearsal space in summer 1990—the initials of which inspired the band's name—they decided to hook up and play a local club. The reception was hot, and soon the band's debut album—the recently released *Arc Angels*, produced by Little Steven—was in the making.

At a time when rock'n'roll is returning to basics, there's nothing better than watching the Arc Angels onstage in their homebase of Austin. With the band's stunning stage presence, the clubs it plays often resemble the rowdy barroom scene from *Thelma & Louise*—in which Charlie Sexton actually appeared. Dancing, drinking, and delicious delirium.

Austin's Arc Angels, *from left*: Charlie Sexton, Chris Layton, Tommy Shannon, and Doyle Bramhall II.

LAUREN SPENCER

Southern men (and woman). *From left*: Paul Heaton, David Stead, Briana Corrigan, Dave Hemingway, and Dave Rotheray (not pictured: Sean Welch).

DON'T HATE THEM BECAUSE THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL

You find your kindred spirit, then lose your identity. You wake up one day and find your choices have dwindled to either the inactive, malodorous lump of flesh next to you or your own sickening company. You gaze at a pouting page in a glossy magazine and you're racked with both longing and psychotic rage. Welcome to the Beautiful South.

In 1989, the Beautiful South, the odd English group formed from the remnants of determinedly parochial janglers Housemartins, released its first single, "Song for Whoever," a sardonic disinterment of moon-June-style songwriting-by-the-numbers blessed with a horribly catchy refrain. That dead-on debut pretty much defined the band's career to date: intricately constructed melodies serving as safe houses for bilious attacks on men and women—and that dumb, doomed dance they do together.

"I'm not cynical about love at all," protests singer-lyricist Paul Heaton, a man capable of ending a couplet that begins "Closer than a sister to her baby brother" with the line "Closer than a cat to the child that she'll smother." "Quite the opposite," he says, "I'm just cynical about the institutions that surround it—like marriage or the love song."

The dripping-scalpel savagery that characterized the unit's previous output looms as large as ever on the new *0898 Beautiful South* (0898 being the U.K. equivalent of the 900 number), but it's tempered by an attempt at an everything's-coming-up-roses declaration of optimism over a relationship ("I'm Your No. 1 Fan") and, more credibly, a weary sigh of resignation. "Here It Is Again" strips away the sarcasm and wordplay, climaxing with an arms-wide plea: "Do you know who you love / Does anybody here have a clue just who they're with?"

Naturally, Heaton, author of a million anti-infatuation diatribes, is a true romantic. "I fall in love very easily," he says. "Probably the impression you get is that I'm a very closed person, but I find it easy to open up to people straightaway. I do have a fear of being hurt. It makes me want to hurt other people first, which is a bit of a bastard thing to do. Um, I should shut the fuck up, shouldn't I?"

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

TOP, TERRY DOYLE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Keeping track of the Brit Pack isn't easy. With the murky, breathy sounds of Ride, Curve, Blur, Swervedriver, and their ilk already steaming up the airwaves, it might be hard for the newly arrived Catherine Wheel to draw attention. But the members of this band from the southern English backwater of Great Yarmouth insist they're not your average shoe-gazers.

For starters, the band has more than one word in its name. Also, Catherine Wheel isn't from London, Liverpool, or Manchester; and Rob Dickinson, the band's lead singer, has a rock pedigree of sorts—being a first cousin of Iron Maiden lead singer Bruce Dickinson. In addition, Catherine Wheel's U.K. hit, "Black Metallic," is an eight-minute epic that's been compared to "Stairway to Heaven" by the British press.

"To call ours anything other than rock music would be pretentious," says Dickinson. "But it's not mainstream. It has spikes—things to trip you up. The idea was to form a loud guitar band which had a lot of passion."

Labels aside, Catherine Wheel's music is closer to Ride's than Iron Maiden's. On *Ferment*, the band's first full-length album, Dickinson's airy, quiet vocals wade through layered distortion, layered guitars, and layered harmonies. The rotgut guitar music has lulls—almost fading to silence, then blasting back with elegant melodies. Despite the fact that Catherine Wheel doesn't sound all that different from the rest of the Brit Pack, its music still manages to make sparks—fitting for a band named after a firework.

Dickinson started out as a drummer, so becoming a front man took some getting used to. But now he's more confident about his singing and wants it to be more prominent.

"Bruce is always telling me, 'Sing louder, sing louder!' " he says with a laugh.

He'll have his chance on the next record, which Catherine Wheel is recording in England this summer. "We're going to make an extreme record," says Dickinson. "Records which inspire people—whether it be to hate the music or to love it—are the only kinds of records to make."

TABITHA SOREN

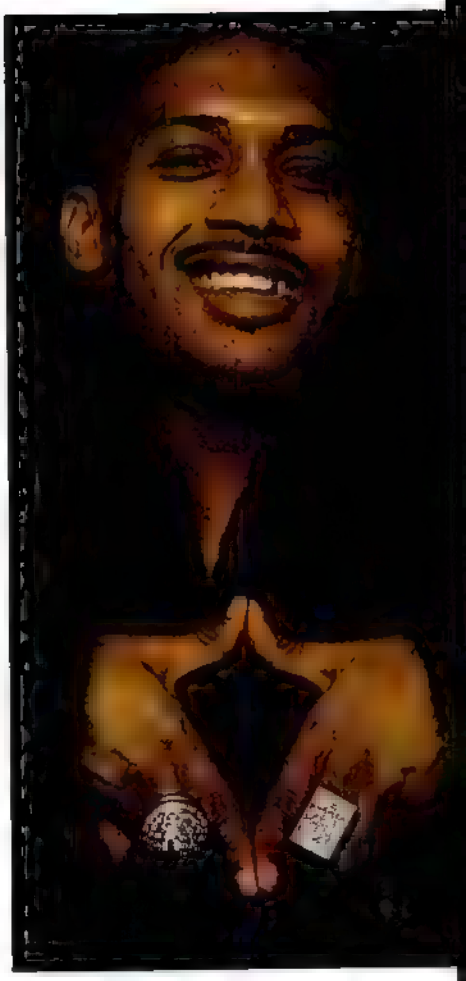
Catherine Wheel, *from left*, Rob Dickinson, Brian Futter, Neil Sims, and Dave Hawes.

TOP: SUSAN GRAY

nine lives

Through the politics in those times, a heap of youths went to jail innocently," says Jamaican DJ (read "MC") Super Cat, referring to the 1980 Jamaican general elections and the riots they sparked. "But penitentiary could save your life. The society we were living in was just one bigger cell." Super Cat's own cell block in Kingston was filled with future dancehall artists—the bars next to his contained Junior Reid. "When I was in prison, people say to me, 'You are a cat, 'cause most of your friends die, but you survive.' I came out and added the 'Super,' 'cause I was going to be a superstar."

Super Cat's two self-produced albums, *Sweet for My Sweets* and *Cabin Stabbin'*, sold well. But in Jamaican dancehall, success isn't measured in sales—it's proven nightly in live sound clashes. A DJ must lyrically "kill" any opponent who tests him. (Super Cat earned the moniker "Wild Apache" because he often took the most "scalps" in these battles.) Sometimes tempers run hot—and more than one DJ has actually been shot to death when lyrics weren't enough. Though Super Cat claims his own gun-related rhymes are "a fantasy—like a movie," tunes like "Nuff a Man Dead" (written after the murder of his longtime sparring partner Tenor Saw) from his new album *Don Dadda*, are true-life nightmares. Last summer Super Cat himself allegedly killed his former partner Nitty Gritty in a gun battle at a Brooklyn record store.



Faster than a speeding bullet: Super Cat.

"It was a miracle—it could've been me," says Super Cat, who won't directly admit to pulling the trigger and avoids discussing the incident in detail. "It was like if you walk down a street and unexpectedly a dog run out and try to bite you. If you don't react, then you gonna die. I'm not happy about what happened, because we lose a good soldier in the music industry. But at the time, his head wasn't straight."

Super Cat has had more than his share of trouble This past Christmas, he was almost banned from performing again in Kingston after a savage bottle-slinging fight with the audience during his clash with DJ Ninjaman. But Super Cat has managed to survive the violence that surrounds him and is one of the few dancehall artists to establish his own production company and record label.

Forget "Shabby" Ranks. Super Cat is the new face of dancehall.

ROB KENNER

DEAR ELVIS,

Do you celebrate the Fourth of July?
Bobby Smith
Hartford, Connecticut

I can't believe any red-blooded young boy in this country would ask a man like me such a question as that. Somebody who ain't an American from the United States and who hadn't been through what I been through—what with fighting in the war, singing gospel songs, appearing on color TV, and being born in Mississippi and all—hell, maybe I could understand asking somebody like that such a foolish thing. I'll have you know I fly my red, white, and, uh, blue flag all the damn time, and on the Fourth of July, I sometimes fly two or three of the dadburn things up real extra-high just to show how much patriotic I am. Sometimes I even buy four or five cases of firecrackers to set off for the kids to look at. So tell your momma to get in the damn kitchen and start bakin' you a cherry pie. Tell her the King said so.

At the twilight's last gleamin',
Elvis

Amnesty Corner

Last year, SPIN pledged to help Amnesty International work for the release of six prisoners of conscience. Each month we update you on the status of these victims and ask you to write letters of support for one (or more) of your choice. You can also contact Amnesty International, U.S.A. (322 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10001, 1-800-55-AMNESTY), to learn other ways you can help. Protest works. Lots of protest works better, faster.

This month, Amnesty International reports the release of a number of prisoners of conscience by the ruling military State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) of Myanmar (Burma). Prisoners of conscience who have been freed include 84-year-old U Nu, the last democratically elected prime minister of Burma. There is no indication, however, that Nobel Prize–winner Aung San Suu Kyi will be released from house arrest, although she will now be allowed visits from her family, which had been heretofore prohibited.

There is no further information on poet Nguyen Chi Thien, suspected to have been released from prison in Vietnam, or Mexican political activist José Ramón García, rumored to have been killed in the city of Cauatla, Mexico. Amnesty requests that readers suspend letter-writing on behalf of Thien but continue writing the Mexican president urging an investigation on García's account.

Please support our efforts to free the remaining four prisoners. Every letter counts.

Hafez al-Assad
President Hafez al-Assad; Presidential Palace; Damascus, Syrian Arab Republic

Orton Chirwa and Vera Chirwa
H.E. the Life President; Ngwazi Dr. Kamuzu Banda; Life President of the Republic of Malawi; Office of the President and Cabinet; Private Bag 388; Lilongwe 3, Malawi

Aung San Suu Kyi
General Saw Maung, Chairman; State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC); c/o Ministry of Defense; Signal Pagoda Road; Yangon, Union of Myanmar (Burma)

José Ramón García
Lic. Carlos Salinas de Gortari; Presidente de la Republica; Palacio Nacional; 06067 Mexico DF, Mexico

RADIO GRAFFITI

kris kross

It'z been a memorable year for singles—with Naughty's "O.P.P.," Tim Dog's "Fuck Compton," TLC's "Ain't Too Proud to Beg," and now Kris Kross makin' us "Jump." The two li'l ruffnecks from Ruffhouse might not be hard like criminals but their music appeals to all types of stompers: the blind girl in the corner, tha homeboy with the finger waves, and yo mutha! This is tha dynamic duo—13-year-old Chris Kelly and 12-year-old Chris Smith—that, along with TLC, put Atlanta, Georgia, on tha map. They claim to have had the backward style of dress before Another Bad Creation. Now thoze li'l niggas are ready to "jump" at the playground! The Kris Kross single is F.A.T., which means f!&* all that! Everytime it's played, the crowd gets savage and starts doing what these kids demand! Their audience doesn't consist of only pretty young girls. There's a lot of bald, outta shape, elderly chicks with false teeth and sticky gums who want to "jump" 'em, too. When asked about their fans, Chris Kelly replied:

"We've always had babes. When we do shows, girls start throwing their shirts, rings, chains, running up huggin' us and asking for kisses."

Isn't that some schitt? And Jermaine Dupri, the boyz' 19-year-old producer, is pretty special, too! Who inspired him to become a "hit" producer?

"Nobody! I've produced since I was 12."

Yeah, whatever. I guess when you hit overnight success like Kris Kross and Dupri, you can afford to brag. But don't let it go to yor head—watch yor step or you'll be ass out with the back of your pants zipped down! Yeah, y'all kids are real hard-core—just wait till the group Mobb Deep hits!

BÖNZ MALONE

Might as well jump. Kris Kross, *from left* Chris Smith (Daddy Mack) and Chris Kelly (Mack Daddy)

GREG WATERMANN

Some of the
best things in life are free.
But if you want it all...
Just say mo'
damon wayans
mo' money
Why settle for less?
COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents A WIFE N' KIDS Production
And Introducing MARLON WAYANS
Co-Producer CARL CRAIG
Executive Producer DAMON
R
SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON PERSPECTIVE RECORDS
new music by: luther vandross • color
in th
• public enemy • johnny gill

let's hear it for the boyz

Along with the Sex Pistols, the most influential group in America today is New Edition.

The NE diaspora continues to spread—populating street corners, screens, and airwaves with crooning clusters aiming for synchronicity of voice, step, and dress. Leaders in the field and heirs apparent to the originators' throne are Boyz II Men, who, with their triple-platinum-plus debut, *Cooleyhighharmony*, and armfuls of Grammys, American Music Awards, and NAACP commendations, seem to be living their own bio-movie. Canonized as the men who saved Motown, living proof of vocal mogul Michael Bivins's million-dollar ears, Boyz II Men began its inexorable rise in a toilet.

"There were once five of us," recalls Shawn "Slim" Stockman. "We were singing in the bathroom one day; Michael 'Bass' McCary just happened to be there washing his hands. We were harmonizing, Michael joined in, and we were like, 'Yo! That sounds good.' "

Stockman confirms my New Edition theory: "That's all we listened to. Guys like us wanted to grow up and do the same thing."

Role model Bivins may not have performed a pivotal role in either New Edition or Bell Biv DeVoe, but he's proving a nonpareil business and marketing man. It was his idea to squeeze the Boyz into their trademark collegiate duds—those cardigans, letter jackets, and chinos.

Boyz on the charts. Boyz II Men, *from left*: Michael McCary, Nathan Morris, Wanya Morris, and Shawn Stockman.

"We weren't really into it at first," admits Stockman. "But once we started wearing the stuff and learning how to put it together, it started to feel good."

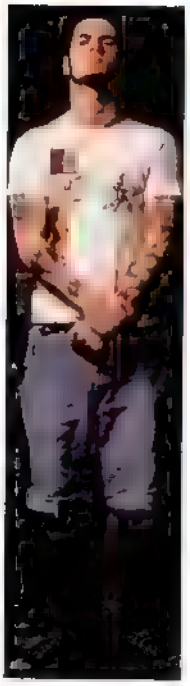
So is this proliferation of new, young, fresh, male vocal groups a regression—a reaction against hip hop?

"We sing—" begins Stockman.

"Because we don't rap," concludes member Nathan "Alex Vanderpool" Morris.

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST



Power mongers . . . *from left*: Diamond Darrell, Philip Anselmo, Rex, and Vinnie Paul.

Geography has a lot to do with it. The members of Pantera are Texans, first and foremost, and personify the bluster and directness of the more rugged residents of the Lone Star State. They pile it on like a pack of amphetamine-crazed cowboys pumped with the adrenal fury of early Black Flag. Audaciously calling their new album *Vulgar Display of Power*, they play it like they say it—like a Metallica stripped of all excess, fronted by the equivalent of Henry Rollins's angrier kid brother. Hard to believe that in 1983 Pantera began as just another bar band playing Van Halen and Judas Priest covers (peppered with a few originals), six nights a week.

The guys looked pretty silly back then, employing the standard teased-hair-and-bandana regalia and releasing independent albums with titles such as *Metal Magic*, but their past hardly makes them blush.

"That was the best training a band could get," declares drummer Vinnie Paul, who formed Pantera with guitarist-brother Diamond Darrell when the two were 17 and 15, respectively. "Play like we have for the past nine years, and you get to be one hard bunch of motherfuckers!"

This is precisely the ethos Pantera sums up with *Vulgar*'s anthemic "A New Level." Judging by the monumental rhythmic structures of "Rise" or the wiry guitar skronks of "Live in a Hole," the band's a whole different animal now. With the new album, it steps out of the cleptrap of passé thrash bands to become what lead singer Philip Anselmo modestly describes as "the heaviest band in the world."

Respect is key with Pantera. Earning it has been a driving force for the group personally and professionally.

"The way I am today has a lot to do with growing up as a scrawny, insecure kid, always gettin' eaten alive by dumbasses with big-muscles," snarls Anselmo, who displays a tattoo reading "Strength" on the side of his bald head—and, coincidentally, who grew up with crooner Harry Connick, Jr., as a schoolmate. "Without respect, you get walked on."

MIKE GITTER

I WANT YOU BACK

Ten Bands That Should Re-form

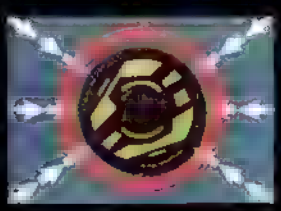
1. Abba
2. Haircut One Hundred
3. The Faces
4. The Smiths
5. The Bangles
6. Madness
7. Technotronic Featuring Ya Kid K
8. The Jam
9. The Undertones
10. Starland Vocal Band

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

1991

1992

Introducing the athletic shoe of the future. The PUMA DISC SYSTEM. Athletic shoes with new, breakthrough technology that "customizes" the fit of the shoe to each individual foot by turning a disc, making traditional shoelaces obsolete. The result is a total fit that supports, controls, and promotes natural foot movement. Our Trinomic midsole technology also adds stability, cushioning and continuous shock absorption. The Puma Disc System. For running, cross-training, and tennis. It's the perfect synergy between foot and shoe. TURN IT ON.



Only the PUMA DISC SYSTEM custom fits the heel, midfoot, and instep.

PUMA DISC SYSTEM

© 1992 Puma USA. All rights reserved. Patent pending Puma Disc System design and technology. Call 1-800-448-PUMA for your nearest authorized Puma dealer, 9:00am-5:00pm M-F EST.

Material chromium prevent autoraskin

news flashes

summertime 'palooza

You've already organized one of the most innovative and successful concert tours of the decade, treating half a million fans to some of the best alternative rock, as well as a smorgasbord of modern, postmodern, and not necessarily politically correct culture. What do you do next? If you're Perry Farrell, you do it again.

Next month, Lollapalooza '92 kicks off a 24-city sweep of the country, beginning in San Francisco on July 18. Farrell, former Jane's Addiction front man, once again heads a brain trust of organizers including Ted Gardner, Farrell's manager, and promoters Mark Geiger and Don Muller of Def American and Triad Artists, respectively. Featuring a host of new diversions in addition to the last tour's bonanza, Lollapalooza continues to evolve into Farrell's vision of "an annual carnival of all-around youth culture."

Headlining the music portion of Lollapalooza '92 are the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ministry, Ice Cube, Soundgarden, Lush, the Jesus and Mary Chain, and Pearl Jam. "I think they're all fine bands," says Farrell, who feels the world isn't ready for his "ideal" lineup just yet. "I'd like to bring a band over from China, for example, but nobody would show up. You have to deal with reality, unfortunately."

Perhaps the biggest change over last year will be the absence of Jane's Addiction. Farrell put the band on "extended hiatus" following Lollapalooza '91 and has formed a new group, Porno for Pyros. But neither he nor the band plans to play this year. "Maybe I'll get onstage," hedges Farrell. "I doubt that I'll announce the acts. I'd feel just a little funny about that."

A second stage has been added to showcase local bands and performance artists. Farrell has lined up music writers to find acts for this stage and says "some other crazy shit" could go down on it. Last year's tour experimented with a second stage arrangement at its San Francisco venue, where, says Farrell, "It went over great."

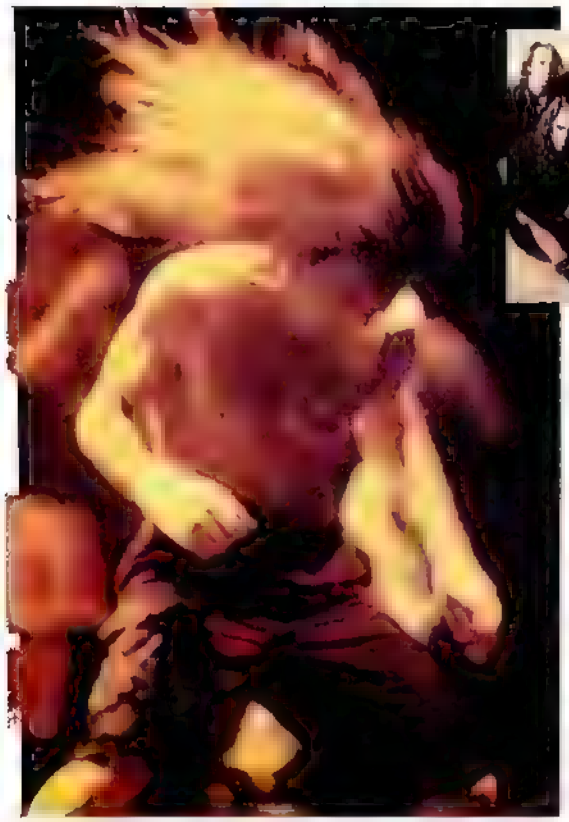
Lollapalooza '92 also promises a wider array of interests in the midway tents and booths. A gambling tent at each site will raise money for local charities benefiting AIDS research and the homeless; organizers plan to display locally owned street cars and hot rods, a new interest of Farrell's; booths will feature information on the latest sports such as surfing, skateboarding, Rollerblading, and extreme mountain biking; and concertgoers in love with the modern world may sample such cyberpunk technologies as virtual reality, computers, and smart drugs.

"I'm really trying to get people involved with modern machinery to participate," says Farrell. "I had dinner with Timothy Leary and he claims that he can set up a tent that you walk into and hallucinate. I'm not making any promises, but he is."

Plans for a mini film festival had to be abandoned because of the logistics of staging such an event in a hot, stuffy tent during the middle of summer. Farrell hopes to resolve that problem for future Lollapalooza tours. In the meantime, he's improved the festival's art, which he claims was weak in some cities last year. Huge canvases, which will be draped around the midway, were commissioned earlier this year. The traveling tour includes ten artists, and additional artists will join in ▶

Lollapalooza '92 Tour Dates

JULY		AUGUST	
18	San Francisco, CA	5	Toronto, Can.
21	Vancouver, Can.	8	Boston, MA
22	Bremerton, WA	11	New York, NY
25	Denver, CO	14	Alexandria, VA
27	St. Louis, MO	16	Atlanta, GA
28	Cincinnati, OH	18	Orlando, FL
29	Cleveland, OH	21	New Orleans, LA
31	Detroit, MI	22	Houston, TX
		23	Dallas, TX
		26	Phoenix, AZ
		28	Los Angeles, CA



Lollaparticipants, *left*: Pearl Jam; *top*: Soundgarden, *above*: Perry Farrell.

CHRIS CUFFARO

SPIN PATROL

Dead Dead? Backstage rumor has it that the Grateful Dead is planning to finally call it quits for good at the end of this year. The band's latest release is the mail-order-only album, *Infrared Roses*, a collection of live, improvisational-type stuff (available at 1-800-225-3323). • **On the Shelf:** Poet-essayist extraordinaire Michael Jackson is all set to release *Dancing the Dream*, the literary follow-up to his monolithic *Moonwalk*. According to the publicity for the tome, Jackson graciously "takes us deep into his heart and soul, sharing his private thoughts and feelings" on subjects he identifies with most—like homelessness and hunger. • **Southern Comfort:** North Carolina southern rock outfit Copperhead [see Flash, March '92] has entered the studio in Memphis with superproducer Tom Dowd, legendary for his work with artists such as Cream, Derek and the Dominos, and the Allman Brothers. Look for a fall release. • **Diva Fever:** For the upcoming fall release by soul diva Etta James, rocker Steve Winwood flew all the way from London to Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to lend some vocal cords on four classics—"Give It Up," "Night Time Is the Right Time," "Let It Rock," and "You Got Me Humming." It was the first time Winwood had ever recorded duets with another artist. At least one track will wind up on the album, produced by the legendary Jerry Wexler, who took time out from writing his memoirs to do studio work for the first time in many years. • **Choosy Mothers Choose:** Rock for Choice recently held a pro-choice benefit poetry reading at Onyx, an L.A. coffeehouse. Participants included Ann Magnuson and members of Mary's Danish, and more than 30 poems were read by 18 women. A recording of the results, titled *Cause*, will soon be released. • **Who's That Sister-in-Law?** Joe Henry, an artist on North Carolina's Mammoth Records, might be headed for bigger and better things. His wife happens to be Melanie Ciccone, you-know-who's younger sister. Rumor has it that Ciccone will be the head honcho at Madonna's new multimillion-dollar Maverick ▶

Pioneer

Rule #17

Never leave your car without your car stereo in your pocket.

Rules

Just slip the front panel of your Pioneer® Detachable Face Car Stereo into your pocket, and what's left behind is useless to thieves. Another Pioneer first, Detachable Face Security™ is available on more than 20 CD and cassette models, for the ultimate in security and convenience. To learn more, please call 1-800-421-1605, ext. 250.

PIONEER
The Art of Entertainment

© 1992 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA

Continued from page 24

locally.

The carnival offers a little bit of everything for the politically minded. Certain shows might even draw presidential candidates. "We'll see who shows up," says Farrell. "I don't know how important they think it is." The presence of organizations such as Rock the Vote, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, ACT UP, Handgun Control, Inc., and the Cannabis Action Network, as well as local groups with their own agendas, insures there will be no shortage of opinions.

While Farrell and Co. have attempted to bring a wide cross section of influences into the midway, they claim the more right-wing elements are slow to accept invitations. Military recruiters have declined ("They thought they were being set up," Farrell says), but Farrell has higher hopes that the National Rifle Association will be present alongside with antigun proponents. "If we get everybody involved, it would be a big gas," says Farrell. "Everyone cancels each other out. You know—put God and the Devil together. But it seems like God and the Devil aren't ready to sit down at the same table yet."

This year's Lollapalooza ticket prices hold steady at around $28, with a small portion of the proceeds slated for homeless charities. Already Lollapalooza has spurred smaller copycat tours and forced the concert business to rethink itself. "We're doing something that was inevitable," says Farrell. "Other promoters are seeing the chemistry work and realizing the old-school method of putting on a concert is no guarantee of success anymore. But the best part is that there are always new things coming out of this generation. Whatever the youth are into, I'll scoop it off the street and show you a brand-new model for putting on shows."

SEAN PLOTTNER

Zoo Two

U2's ultramegahype tour will continue in an even larger stadium-only scale beginning August 11 at New Jersey's Giants Stadium. The so-called "Zoo TV—Outside Broadcast" is being designed by Fisher Park Associates of London, the same super-spectacle folks who brought us Roger Waters's *The Wall* concert in Berlin, the Stones' Steel Wheels tour, and Nelson Mandela's 70th Birthday Tribute.

Charles in Charge

After nearly eight years of planning, a Charles Mingus tribute album produced by Hal Willner will soon be released. The 18-song set, *Weird Nightmare*, includes work by Keith Richards, Charlie Watts, Vernon Reid, Leonard Cohen, Elvis Costello, and a host of other notables. Public Enemy's Chuck D is featured on the song "Gunslinging Bird," reciting text from Mingus's autobiography, *Beneath the Underdog*.

Ladies First

Monie Love and Queen Latifah have taped a television pilot that's being tested this summer. If picked up, *Get Out of M'Face* could debut on NBC later this year. Produced by the creators of *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air*, the show features Love as a wide-eyed English girl who comes to live with her American cousin (Latifah) in Harlem. Could Love change the nature of the sitcom as we know it? "Hell yes," says the rapper, who cites Jodie Foster and Denzel Washington as her acting idols. Love's next release is due in September and will feature guest work by Prince.

Vote for Corrosion of Conformity!

I Left My Heart in South Central L.A.

Jonathan Davis (a.k.a. Q-Tip) of A Tribe Called Quest will star in an upcoming movie directed by John Singleton of *Boyz 'N the Hood* fame. Titled *Poetic Justice*, the film features Q-Tip as one of two men who falls for the same young Compton girl, played by none other than Janet Jackson. "In the movie I get to kiss Janet," says Q-Tip. "That's the highlight for me." Q-Tip and the Quest can also be heard on the soundtrack to Eddie Murphy's upcoming *Boomerang* flick.

Continued from page 24

record company. ● **So These Two Aboriginals Come Into a Bar . . .:** When Mandawuy Yunupingu, aboriginal lead singer of the Australian group Yothu Yindi, was denied drink service at Melbourne's upscale Catani Bar, the establishment soon found itself cringing under the glare of the national spotlight. Discrimination against aboriginals has been a recurring problem in Australia, and policies addressing these racial issues have only recently been introduced. Yothu Yindi's "Treaty," a song about the land rights of indigenous people, is the first aboriginal song to hit the Australian Top 10. ● **Groove Is in the Mag:** Deee-Lite premiered its latest release in *QW*, a gay and lesbian weekly magazine. Samplings of six cuts were folded into the pages on a polyvinyl flexidisc. Film director Gus Van Sant (*Drugstore Cowboy*) shot the group's new video, but refused to give Lady Miss Kier final approval of the footage. ● **Lucky Men:** Emerson, Lake and Palmer are scheduled to perform their first live show in 15 years on July 24 in Philadelphia. ● **Ballot Boys:** Corrosion of Conformity is taking its "Vote With a Bullet" campaign to the West Coast and Southwest this summer, playing mostly club dates as the band attempts to increase voter registration. Drummer Reed Mullin says the band hopes to play some shows exclusively for those who can prove they're already registered. "In my age bracket, 18 to 25, only half are registered," he says. "And of those, only half vote. If you want to change the world, then change the people making the laws. Don't waste that right." ● **Rest in Peace:** Two members of Atlanta's The Jody Grind, bassist Robert Hayes and drummer Rob Clayton, along with performance artist Deacon Lunchbox (a.k.a., Timothy Tyson Ruttenber) were killed when their van collided with an out-of-control Dodge camper near Greenville, Alabama. Farewells also to British comedians Benny Hill and Frankie Howard; both died of heart attacks within two days of each other

Compiled by Mark Blackwell, Sean Plottner, and Lawrence Zion

Guess Who's Holland's #1 Premium Beer?
Non-Pasteurized
Triple Cold Filtered
All Natural Ingredients
Four Centuries of Family Brewing Heritage
Grolsch
PREMIUM LAGER
Excellence in Brewing Since 1615
Grolsch Importers, Inc., Atlanta, GA 30339

life music

Up from the South comes an ultrafresh hip hop crew with a positive vibe. Say hello to Arrested Development.

Arrested Development, the Atlanta, Georgia, outfit whose debut, *3 Years, 5 Months and 2 Days in the Life of . . .*, is making big waves in the rap world, waits backstage in Greensboro, North Carolina's Hammer Club. Having just begun a promotional tour, the group's members are tired, giddy, and beginning to realize that people are taking them seriously. Speech, A.D.'s dread-wearin' lead rhymer, dons a hat that makes him look like one of the Jungle Brothers. DJ Headliner sports a baseball cap, mopes in a chair, and tells me that the album's title is the amount of time it took for the group to get a record deal: "We did the whole album before getting signed—not just a single."

Montsho Eshe, the group's 17-year-old dancer, practices dance steps with Aerie Taree (pronounced "early"), a formidable sister who designs the group's outfits. Rasa Don, logo designer and drummer, paces. His fiancée, Dionne Farris, the group's resident siren, hopes to get a solo deal with her R&B-gospel vocals.

Arrested Development's agenda is what Taree calls "a celebration of black life." Combining the social issues of Public Enemy's *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* with the musical flavorings of Prince's *Sign o' the Times*, the mission is to counteract what the group feels is self-destructive gangsta rap with a more unifying, positive message.

"I think, in every person, there's a soul," Speech says, "and when people come to see us—I don't care how 'hard' they are—I think they'll understand us. We have things in common, whether you're from Harlem or the rural South."

Not so much a rapper as a songwriter, Speech continues the Little Richard–James Brown–George Clinton–Prince bloodline—throwing in hip hop to ensure that the genre, and its general vibe, continues to survive. He discusses everyday people—their lives, their deaths—with a down-home southern hospitality and a paradoxical sophistication heard only from hip hop's cream of the crop.

Rushing the stage, the crew launches into the album's intro, "Man's Final Frontier." A few heads bob to Headliner's scratches, but most just stare—waiting for something funkier. "Give a Man a Fish" comes on at maximum volume, with everyone on stage involved. Recalling the days when Family Stone–like groups would crowd the stage, Speech rolls with a squad that has all six members staying busy—from singers to rhymers to DJs to dancers. With lyrics expressing concern for the values of family, respect, unity, and peace, Speech grabs the mike and kicks his brilliant lyrics with all the fervor of a Baptist preacher.

The crowd is relatively silent at first; even as the big beats and techno-reggae grooves of "People Everyday" explode from the speakers and bathe the crowd in ghetto sound. But eventually the onlookers begin to sway and loosen up, then roar, as the Prince-like sample that begins the "Tennessee" single is heard.

" 'Tennessee' is a very personal song for me," Speech says. "My grandmother and brother both died a week apart. And when you have someone that close to you die, it sends you on a journey of thought, of wanting guidance—to know where you come from, where you're going."

Speech's lyrical influence? "Chuck D—because of his strength and views, and how he's able to just project them. They're what changed me from the 'bitch-ho' mentality to a more positive theory."

"But our music's not a passive, 'everything's positive'–type thing," Speech says. "We're more realistic."

Not content to merely throw overlapping samples on a track to create a trendy din and have a hit, Speech thinks his songs out: painstakingly constructing them as Hendrix did his *Electric Ladyland* sound paintings.

Asked to describe the group's vibe, Headliner begins, "An original form of southern-fried funk." Taree describes it as "rejuvenating music." Speech kicks in, "The whole African experience mixed up in one jam." "It's really soothing," Farris continues. "Everything else is either abrasive or poppy—we're in between."

Speech says, "In hip hop, if you sing, you're labeled 'soft.' That's why we don't call ourselves 'rap.' We call it 'life music,' because the rules of rap don't really apply to us."

Flying in the face of prevalent trends, Arrested Development shows an unrivaled amount of lyrical respect for women. It also goes against the grain by being one of the few coed groups in hip hop to have women sharing the stage without singing "Gonna make you sweat," dancing in cages, or struttin' around in bikinis.

"I have something to say," Taree states, "and Speech has something to say. It's comin' from two totally different perspectives."

"We're very strong," Speech adds. "We have women in the group as equals. We're strong men, and they're strong women. But to us, it's not a gender thing. It's entertainment."

Stages of Arrested Development. *From left*: Montsho Eshe, Aerie Taree *(above)*, Headliner, Speech, Rasa Don, and Dionna Farris.

THE COLD ROCK STUFF

THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE THINGS

Volume

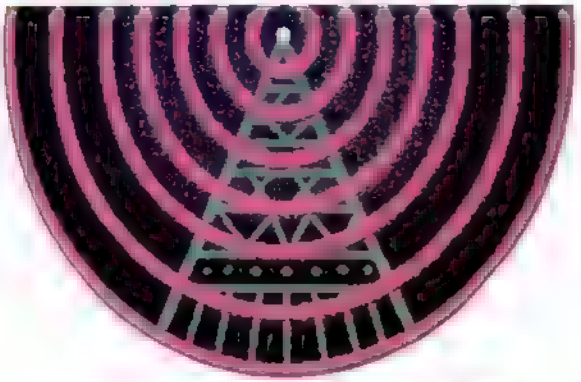
If you can't wait to buy the tunes you read about in your favorite magazines, well, now you don't have to. *Volume* is a series of CDs compiling various alternative stars, housed in thick booklets containing nearly 200 pages of pictures and stories on the featured artists (*Volume Two* includes Lush, Nine Inch Nails, and the Sugarcubes). Subscriptions are a bit pricey, partly because the mag is based in England and partly because there are no ads inside. (A one-year sub of 6 issues is £75, or approximately $135.) Write *World's End Limited, P.O. Box 699, London SW10 OLS England*, or check your local cool record store.

Yazoo Trading Cards

If you've always wanted to be knowledgeable about the blues, country, and jazz, but never had the time or cash to compile a definitive record collection, these trading cards are for you. Lovingly drawn by underground illustrator R. Crumb, the cards feature portraits of all the great masters, as well as each genre's more obscure performers. The back of each card details biographical information and discographies. Some card enthusiasts may get the blues, though—sticks of bubble gum aren't included.

Beat Videos

You know how some times when you listen to music at home, you wish you could watch TV at the same time? So you turn it on and mute the sound, but the John Wayne rerun just doesn't jive with Trent Reznor's scream. Bluesand Video has introduced computer-graphic videos for just such occasions. Watch, mesmerized with delight, as your silent screen pulsates with colors, shapes, and abstract abstractions. Available titles are *Pop Video* and *Industrial Video Graphics*, with jazz, heavy metal, and new age vids on the way. *For more info call (216) 881-6440.*



Citizen Lazlo

Lazlo Toth (a.k.a. Don Novello; a.k.a. Father Guido Sarducci) is an eager, responsible American who is extremely eager to show his extreme eagerness about anything. Toth sends out letters of congratulations, query, or complaint to various officials and then waits for the mailman to deliver the goods for his book—in the form of replies. A follow-up to 1977's hilarious *The Lazlo Letters, Citizen Lazlo* (Workman Publishing) follows Toth's real-life correspondence with Dan Quale [*sic*], Margaret Thratcher [*sic*], the Emir of Kuwait, and a host of unsuspecting others.

Tennis

In *The Inner Game of Tennis* by pro W. Timothy Gallwey, practitioners of the physical-psychological game are advised to "relax and let it happen." Sometimes that's not so easy, but tennis really is a lot of fun. To compete against friendly strangers in your neighborhood, join the U.S. Tennis Association, a nonprofit group that "encourages through tennis the development of health, character, and responsible citizenship." Currently, 439,549 Americans belong. If you're more comfortable playing alone, you can use a ball machine or hit against any old wall. *For info call (516) 333-7990.*

Hip Chips

Tired of all those mainstream geek potato chips that have about as much attitude as Idaho? Well, Chumpies and Homegirls chips are in the house. Featuring advice on sensitive subjects such as drugs, school pride, and sex (Girls: "No ring . . . no thing!"), these hip bags are loaded with chips that come in several different flavors (our advice—avoid the "Sweeties"). These chips are definitely down.

: Compiled by Mark Blackwell, Staci Bonner, Jim Greer, Regina Joseph, and Todd Williams

BOTTOM TEXT: DUOMO SPORTS/STEVEN SUTTON; FAR RIGHT AND TOP RIGHT: JAIME BIONDO

United Colors of Benetton and Sisley are trademarks of Benetton Group Spa Italy • Concept: O. Toscani •

Patrick Robert Sygma

UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON.
Our spring/summer 1992 edition of Colors magazine
is now available at Benetton stores.
For the nearest Benetton store location
call 1-800-535-4491 anytime.

animal farm

Rock is dead: Long live Zoo TV. JIM GREER's U2 tour diary reveals the bigger machine behind the Big Show—as he wonders why the band doesn't want him to write about it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DARREN KEITH

"What you can never get in your book is the utter, total boredom of being in a band [on tour]."
—John Lydon, quoted in Jon Savage's **England's Dreaming**

April 9, 1992: Rolling through the sun-scrubbed Arizona landscape on the way to Tucson. Last night was, I think, Austin. Axl Rose was at the show, I guess he wanted to hang out with rock stars who are even shorter than him. Strange that the desert really does look like a Roadrunner cartoon; except in real life, the rock-infested hills are less friendly, looming like scars carved from the unrealistically blue sky. Antitank fighter planes swoop low over the cactus, looking, we hope, for someone else.

Slumped in the front seat of my Ford Aerostar minivan, I stare out the window at the occasional patches of yellow poppies. The vista speeding past, I'm thinking, closely parallels my impressions of U2 on this tour: big, romantic. Beautiful. Overwhelming. Remote. Untouchable. And, finally, empty.

Zoo TV is an Important Event not just because it's the first tour in several years by one of the biz's biggest, but because it represents a further step in the evolution of

rock music as spectacle. This is hardly news—it's been going on at least since Led Zeppelin, and probably further back in the Dark Ages of rock—but U2 came out of a supposed reaction to the pomp and circumstance of '70s prog overkill. And despite indications of advanced pomposity as early on as 1984's *The Unforgettable Fire* (most pronounced, of course, on the band's 1988 concert movie egofest *Rattle and Hum*), U2 has rarely let the event overshadow the music. That's not the case with this tour.

Which is one reason I like Zoo TV so much—it renders not only the performance secondary, but the performers as well. Wander through the backstage hubbub and you can't help but feel that the four band members are little more than accessories to the massive, and massively detailed, production. U2 whisks in and out of the various venues in a stream of white limos to the two chartered MGM Grand jets waiting at the airport, spending no more time in the dressing room or elsewhere than is absolutely necessary. The more they hang out, the more they get in the way of the *real* work.

This and a dollar would get you, uh, a dollar.

The Zoo TV crew, by my less than scientifically precise count, numbers at least 100—halfway through the tour, crew members were still introducing themselves to each other, or running into old friends ("You're on this tour, too?"). It takes this crew approximately 12 hours to set up the stage, so if the next show is the next night, a separate crew is already at work in the next town, setting up a duplicate set of rigging at 3:00 A.M. while the crew in the previous town is engaged in packing it away. There's very little margin for error, despite which, in the month and a half I tagged along behind the tour, no show went on more than 15 minutes late, with one exception.

It's even more impressive considering that a good portion of that 100-person crew is comprised of management, accountants, publicists, private security, wardrobe staff, caterers, drivers, and so on. All these are honeycombed in as many makeshift offices as a given venue will have space for. Here's the real zoo: laminate-bearing henchmen and women, walkie-talkies strapped to their sides, power-walking with tight, urgent faces down endless corridors; phones constantly gurgling; tattooed strongmen barking incomprehensible Irish orders; wheeled crates full of unidentifiable but doubtless phenomenally costly equipment hurtling down corridors; strange wispy men in capes. I have no idea what any of these people do. (Is that Kafkaesque or Felliniesque? I can't remember.) Compared to this maelstrom, the show itself is almost anticlimactic.

Resulting perhaps partly from the behind-the-scenes anarchy, certain weird hierarchical inconsistencies crop up backstage. Little things, mainly, most of which aren't probably even under the purview of the band members themselves, but they look to me like clues. For instance: Even though the Pixies have been handpicked as opening band for the first leg of the North American tour (the Edge and Bono are reportedly big fans), U2, which has gone to the trouble of printing up signs for just about every conceivable subset of its own organization, can't manage better than to slap "Support Act" signage on the Pixies' dressing room.

So yeah, anyway, Zoo TV. During its exhilarating course, I started thinking a lot about how the the sheer weight of accumulated detail involved in mounting a production of this sort left little room for the sort of spontaneity, or at least unpredictability, that, for me at least, *defines* rock (and that, in the past, helped define U2). The whole process was depressingly rational—and while I can't help but admire the result, I wonder in this case if the ends justify the means. Which is not so much U2's fault as that of the machinery that demands of our rock musicians a hugeness that leeches their humanity; and then tears them down when they inevitably fail to live up to the impossible standards we set.

Lakeland/Tampa, Florida, February 29: The 45-minute

Free service and maintenance can be a beautiful thing.

The Elantra.

Sure, it looks good now, but you have no idea what this car's been through. It's been shaken, twisted and tortured every way imaginable. What survived is a roomy sedan so well-built and worry-free we back it with *ValueCare Ownership*,℠ a comprehensive program that includes free service and maintenance.* (That's in addition to the regular warranty.) So about all you pay for is gas. Of course, a starting price of just $8,995† only makes the Elantra more appealing. And since maintaining it won't be costly, this car even looks good getting an oil change. HYUNDAI

ValueCare Ownership™

*Free scheduled maintenance including parts and labor for 2 years/24,000 miles • No-deductible 3 year/36,000 mile bumper-to-bumper limited warranty including free 24 hour roadside assistance • No-deductible 5 year/60,000 mile powertrain limited warranty • No-deductible 5 year/100,000 mile body anti-perforation limited warranty • Call 800-826-CARS or see your dealer for details.
†MSRP excludes freight, taxes, title and options. Price of GLS shown starts at $9,999. Dealer price may vary. Do buckle up. Don't drink and drive. © 1992 Hyundai.

drive from Tampa, where I'm staying, to the Lakeland Civic Center, past Mango, Thonotossassa, Zephyrhills, innumerable Stuckey's ("Fresh Fried Chicken and Tater Logs"), and a sign for the Largest Citrus Market in Florida (operated by R. E. "Roy" Parke and Family) brings me to a tangle of crew buses and semis at the rear entrance. It's the first gig, and apparently no one's figured out the proper parking order yet. I count 11 semis and 7 crew buses for U2. I wander into the catacombs to the bone-shaking thud of U2's sound check (the band has been there for the better part of a week already, setting up the stage and ironing out the kinks). An awe-inspiring tree of U2 signposts directs passersby in at least ten conflicting directions, depending on where exactly we want to get lost. I wander out to the empty arena because it's the easiest place to find, and sit down near the stage to watch the sound check.

Onstage, the Edge, Adam Clayton, and Larry Mullen, Jr., run through bits of two or three songs. The sound is amazingly pristine even in the vast, echoey hall. Various video monitors flicker on and off as the crew tests this and that gimmick. No sign of Bono though—and then, suddenly, the arena fills with his unmistakable vox, riding easily over the top of his bandmates' accompaniment. I finally spot a diminutive figure standing out by the soundboard, arms crossed, watching the band onstage. He's not holding a microphone, he's wearing it, in his hat. Cool—it's the first time I've seen someone use a headset mike in a nondork manner.

During U2's show later that night, kids who manage to stretch far enough to press Bono's flesh react as though touched by the hand of God—U2's audience, at least the most frenetic part, is here not to praise but to bury with worship. His every gesture, no matter how small, provokes them to a near-religious frenzy out of all proportion to what's actually going on, musically. Bono exaggerates his rock star-ness, plays with the stage set's toys (rock-star trappings), stretching his persona to the point where his ego actually ceases to matter; he inflates it until it bursts, and he becomes as egoless as he's ever wanted you to believe. There's a real strong sense of the ridiculous about the process, which is all the more endearing even though you know that they know that you know . . . oh, hell, I don't know.

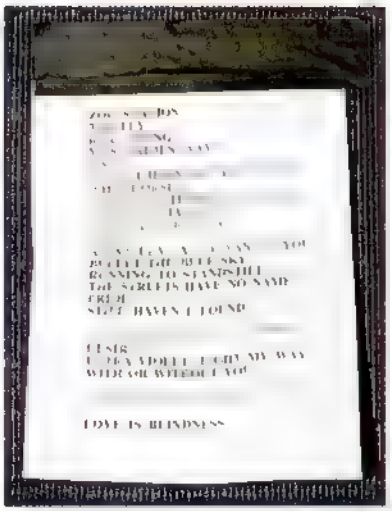
It's just great, that's all. But, as great as it is, it has nothing to do with my idea of rock'n'roll. Closer comparisons—and this is true of arena rock in general, but is made especially apparent on the Zoo TV tour because of its emphasis on spectacle and because of the unusual intensity of the band's die-hard devotees—would be with mass religious ceremonies or Monster Truck shows. This is the circus part of "bread and circuses," which in a recession-fraught year somehow makes perfect sense, and even helps.

Back in Tampa, me and my babe saunter down to the Holiday Inn lounge ("The Casbah") for a nightcap. It's close to midnight, and few patrons occupy the tables. Suddenly, halfway through our first Bailey's Irish Cream, the stage-lights (we hadn't even noticed the stage) come up to reveal For Your Eyes, a synth-only male-female lounge duo whose eerily *on* covers of Toto's "Hold the Line" and Journey's "Any Way You Want It" are accentuated by dim, pulsing lights that make the two members look, I swear, like boy and girl versions of that android guy on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Their stage patter is cheerful and awkward, although they have to spend an inordinate amount of time fending off drunken Metallica requests from recent Rush concert returnees (that show, on the same night, drew over 12,000 to Zoo TV's 7,000 and received almost no press coverage). Everything about their performance makes me distinctly uncomfortable; the tension between the band and the Rush rowdies makes me cringe. For a few minutes, it seems like anything could happen. Now *this* is more like it.

Atlanta, Georgia, March 5: Even though my backstage laminate reads "All Access," I can't so much as walk by U2's dressing room without being accosted by one of the two sets of security guards (venue security, which changes nightly, and U2 private security, who travel with the band). They keep a blue curtain drawn in front of the dressing room door, for obscure, though doubtless occult-related reasons. Curtains are big on the Zoo TV tour; there's a curtained room just offstage where Bono runs to change costumes mid-set (a girl waits there whose only apparent job is to hold the mirror for him), and there's a closely-curtained pit below the stage where they keep some guy surrounded by strange-looking electronics.

One thing I miss on the Zoo TV show is the way U2 used to be able to

Hyundai. Yes, Hyundai.



Zoo TV set list, including encores.

stretch out and improvise in the middle of its songs and sets. There's little room for surprises on this tour—the set list is so firmly established that it's printed on the back of some of the crew laminates, right down to the encores. It has to be: The stunning video accompaniment is keyed to a specific song length. Also, despite what the Edge implied when he cohosted MTV's *120 Minutes* (to the effect that the band decided on this tour to play only what the four band members can actually produce live, necessitating the Edge's fearsome array of guitar effects pedals), my ear detects a fair amount of sequencer and additional keyboard accompaniment on many of the songs. Why else does Larry the drummer wear headphones, if not to listen to the click track? And what exactly does that little man who sits in the closely-curtained pit surrounded by machines that *look* an awful lot like sequencers and keyboards do, if not provide keyboard and sequencer accompaniment? Huh?

Improvisation is thus limited to nonmusical aspects of the show, such as who Bono calls up on the phone, or what channels he switches to on the banks of video monitors.

After the show, we drive through the rainy Georgian night to Virginia, past a giant statue of a peach ("Take Exit 92 to view peach") and a tumbledown shack ("the Alamo") that sells something called "fatback" and advertises steaks and dancing. Which is all, really, anyone could ask for. Profound road-related observation: No matter how fast you go, someone always wants to go faster.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, March 10: Tonight's concert left me feeling kind of dry. We search for a bar in Chinatown near the hotel, but it's Sunday night and almost everything is closed. Almost—Saigon Plaza, a pleasant Vietnamese joint, is having karaoke. We wander in, the only two non-Viets, and are presented with a thick binder of xeroxed pages listing roughly a billion possible songs, mostly in Vietnamese. There are a few English titles, too, though the closest they get to rock is Procol Harum's "A Whiter Shade of Pale."

Most of the participants choose unintelligible-to-me Vietpop songs, singing more often than not in heart-rendingly beautiful voices, heavily laden with cheesy reverb. Especially the youngsters, of which there are a surprising number for past midnight on a Sunday—one young woman even duets with her baby, to resounding applause from all. Strange form of family entertainment for this late hour. My favorite new Vietnamese pop songs are "I Am the Batman of Love" and "Ultrasong," both enhanced by their accompanying tacky videos, which look like soft-porn shorts without the flesh.

Strange that it's easier to hear the out-of-time, Raggedy-Ann heartbeat of rock in a greasy, roach-ridden restaurant than at a, um, rock concert.

Worcester, Massachusetts, March 13: Oh, the ephemeral nature of this business we call show! Last night the U2 concert here at the Centrum was the only thing on the hearts and minds of approximately 13,718 (reserved seating capacity) fans, and this morning, as we prepare to leave for Providence, there's a baseball-card convention in the very same arena. The circus comes to town, the circus leaves town, and all you're left with is a ticket stub, a really expensive T-shirt, and maybe an official *Achtung Baby* condom. (At $3 a pop, no bargain, though the between-sets DJ assures the crowd that they're sold "at cost." At cost in Ireland, maybe. They're a hot-selling item among 12-year-old boys who're not exactly sure how they work.) And a handful of indelible memories, presumably.

First sign of U2 band members mingling with mortals: back in the crew catering area, the Edge and Adam Clayton sit down for dinner. I wonder if they're eating meat, as I notice that a fair number of both the U2 and Support Act crews seem to be confirmed vegans. Aggressive health is the new rock'n'roll attitude. Excess is out, man, although Bono reportedly has a weakness for fine champagne (but you wouldn't, you know, crucify a man for that).

Boston, Massachusetts, March 17: An Irish band playing in Boston on St. Patrick's Day. Pandemonium outside Boston Garden before the show, green-garbed natives lining the street in front of the Garden with adulatory banners. Recognizing the importance of the occasion, the band actually alters the set tonight to include a couple of traditional Irish numbers (very nicely done), during one of which Bono takes a turn on the congas. Support Act's bass player reports first contact with a band member. Passing the Edge on the way to the stage, she deliberately catches his eye and says, "Hi!" He replies, "Hi!" smiling.

Afterward, drunks sway through the streets bellowing "rock'n'roll!!" before proudly vomiting in the gutters.

Before the show, we visit the bar that *Cheers* was modeled after and break into the theme song, which probably only happens there 35 times a day, judging from the world-weary demeanor of the (non-Sam-like) bartender.

Meadowlands/Madison Square Garden, New Jersey/New York, March 19-20: Three consecutive nights of karaoke (it has become an addiction), one in New Jersey where big fat white guys in business suits get up and do Tone Lōc's "Wild Thing" and "Funky Cold Medina," and two in a bar across from Madison Square Garden in New York. Late on the third night, the gospel group opening for Harry Connick, Jr., treats us to a beautiful impromptu a cappella devotional number.

Bottom: U2 crew buses lined up in Austin. *Top:* One of many helpful backstage signs.

Celebrity count (actual sightings): In New Jersey, Little Steven (short). At Madison Square Garden, Bruce Springsteen (short), Paul Simon (short), Christie Brinkley (not short).

Toronto, Ontario, March 24: "So Stevie Ray Vaughan goes to heaven," relates a slightly inebriated concertgoer, in the hotel bar after the show, "where he gets introduced to Jimi Hendrix, and Elvis, and Janis Joplin, and all these really cool rock people, and then he walks by a room

TOP LEFT: DARREN KEITH; BOTTOM LEFT: JIM GREER; TOP RIGHT: KEVIN MAZUR

Not just Visa or MasterCard...

Please Use A Ballpoint Pen — Rev. 3-92

1 Please Select One: ☐ Citibank Classic MasterCard® ☐ Citibank Classic Visa® card

Please Tell Us About Yourself

2 Please Print Your Full Name As You Wish It To Appear On The Card (First, Middle, Last) — ☐ Check Here If You Are A Student.

Your Home Address: Number & Street | Apt # | City Or Town | State | Zip Code

Students Only: You must enclose in an envelope with this application a complete legible copy of your validated student ID or paid tuition bill for the current semester.

Years At Address | ☐ Own Home ☐ Own Condo/Co-Op ☐ Rent ☐ Live w/Parents ☐ Other | Social Security Number

Date of Birth (Month/Day/Year) | Home Phone Number And Area Code ( ) | Name Home Phone Is Listed Under

Previous Home Address: Number & Street (Students: School Address) | Apt # | City Or Town | State | Zip Code | Years There

School Phone Number And Area Code ( ) | Name School Phone Is Listed Under | Are You A Permanent U.S. Resident? ☐ Yes ☐ No | Send Card And Billing Statement To ☐ Home ☐ School

Please Tell Us About Your Job (Students: Please Supply School Information Only)

3 Name Of Employer (Students: Please Supply School Name) | Campus Zip Code | Position (Students: Class Year & Graduation Date) | Years At Job | Work Phone Number And Area Code ( )

Check Here If You Are ☐ Retired ☐ Self-Employed | If Retired Or Self-Employed, Enter Bank Name | Bank Phone Number And Area Code ( ) | Bank Account Number

About Your Income

4 You need not include your spouse's income, alimony, child support, or maintenance payments paid to you if you are not relying on them to establish creditworthiness. Your total yearly income from all sources must be at least $8,000 to be considered for cardmembership. (No student minimum.)

Your Total Personal Yearly Income $ | Other Yearly Household Income $

Other Yearly Income Source

Would You Like An Additional Card At No Charge?

5 If Yes, Print The Full Name Of The User (First, Middle, Last)

Important Account Information

6 Please Check Those That Apply. Be Sure To Specify Institution/Bank Name.

☐ Money Market/NOW Account — Institution Name

☐ Checking Account — Institution Name

☐ Savings Account — Institution Name

☐ Visa/MasterCard ☐ American Express Card ☐ Gasoline ☐ Diner's Club ☐ Department Store/Sears ☐ Other

Please Sign This Authorization

By signing below I authorize Citibank (South Dakota) N.A. to check my credit history and exchange information about how I handle my account with proper persons, affiliates and credit bureaus. If I am issued a card I authorize my employer, my bank, and any other references listed above to release and/or verify information to Citibank (South Dakota) N.A. and its affiliates in order to determine my eligibility for the Citibank Classic card and any renewal or future extension of credit. If I ask, I will be told whether or not consumer reports on me were requested and the names of the credit bureaus with their addresses that provided the reports. If I designate any authorized users, credit bureaus may receive and report account information on the authorized user's name. I certify that I am 18 years of age or older and that the information provided is accurate. I understand that if I use the card or authorize its use or do not cancel my account within 30 days after I receive the card, the Citibank Agreement sent to me with the card will be binding on me. I have read and understand the disclosure box on the back. Terms and conditions are subject to change. **In order to be considered for a Citibank Classic card you must complete and sign this application.** Omission of any of the information requested in this application may be grounds for denial.

Please allow 30 days to process your application. Do not send payment of $20 annual fee, you will be billed later. © Copyright 1992 Citibank (South Dakota) N.A. Member FDIC

7 X _____ Applicant's Signature — Date

FOLD, MOISTEN HERE, SEAL AND MAIL

Have you included your ☐ Social Security Number ☐ Phone Numbers ☐ Signature?

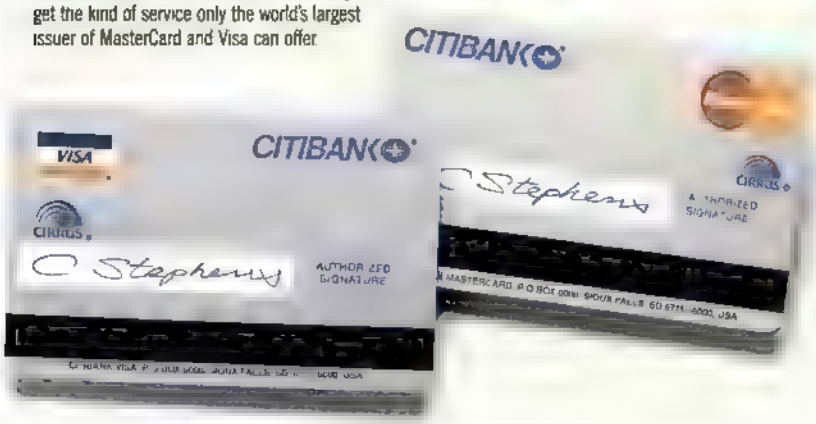
1BHSP 0427F EH17C 0000 — 1CB8I 0427N 7C088 8800

Citibank Visa. Citibank MasterCard.

Some people think all MasterCard® and Visa® cards are the same. And many banks are perfectly happy to leave that impression. The truth is no one else puts more behind their cards than Citibank.

With Citibank Classic MasterCard and Visa, you get the kind of service only the world's largest issuer of MasterCard and Visa can offer.

- **The Lowest Price On Most Card Purchases**
  With Citibank Price Protection, if you find the item advertised in print at a lower price within 60 days of your purchase, Citibank will refund the difference—up to $150!*



- **Round-The-Clock Customer Service**
  Toll-free, 24-hour customer service is available 7 days a week. When you have a billing question or a request for a credit line increase, usually all it takes is one call. And if your card is lost or stolen, call us and receive a new one, usually within 24 hours.
- **Extended Warranties On Your Purchases**
  The Extended Warranty program will double the manufacturer's original U.S. warranty period—up to one additional year.*
- **Extra Coverage For What You Buy**
  Buyers Security™ covers most anything you charge on your Citibank Classic card against theft or accidental damage for 90 days from the date of the purchase.*

If we were to tell you all the benefits our cards offer, we wouldn't have room for an application. So complete, sign, and return the attached application today.

*Certain conditions and exclusions apply. Details of coverage will be provided upon cardmembership. The Buyers Security and Extended Warranty programs are underwritten and administered by third parties.

CITIBANK

PLEASE DETACH ALONG DOTTED LINE. FOLD, SEAL AND MAIL

Disclosure Box

Annual Percentage Rate for Purchases	19.8%
Grace Period for Repayment of the Balance for Purchases	20 to 25 days
Method of Computing the Balance for Purchases	Average Daily Balance (including new purchases)
Annual Fee	$20
Minimum Finance Charge	50¢
Transaction Fee for Cash Advances	At a financial institution, 2% of amount of advance but not less than $2 or more than $10. At an automated teller machine, $1.75.
Late Payment Fee	$15
Over-the-Credit-Limit Fee	$10

The information about the costs of the card described in this application is accurate as of March 1992. This information may have changed after the date. To find out what may have changed, write to us at P.O. Box 6116, Sioux Falls, SD 57117-6116.

WISCONSIN RESIDENTS ONLY: Wisconsin law provides that no agreement, court order, or individual statement applying to marital property will affect a creditor's interest unless prior to the time credit is granted the creditor is furnished with a copy of the agreement, court order, or statement, or has actual knowledge of the adverse provision.

FOLD HERE

FOLD HERE

IMPORTANT
This application cannot be processed unless sections 1-7 are complete.

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE U.S.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 737 HAGERSTOWN, MD
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

CITIBANK (SOUTH DAKOTA), N.A.
c/o Citicorp Credit Services, Inc. (MD)
14700 Citicorp Drive
Hagerstown, Maryland 21749-9934

where he sees Bono looking intently at himself in a mirror. 'Hey, wait a minute,' says Stevie Ray, 'Bono's not dead.' 'Oh, that's not Bono,' Jimi reassures him. 'That's God. He thinks He's Bono.'"

Walking by, I notice that Support Act shares its dressing room tonight with mysterious, self-styled "DJ-guru" BP Fallon, who wears cloaks and vests bearing high-tack paintings of Elvis' mug, and sits in one of those little Trabant cars between sets playing Led Zeppelin, the Beatles, and Bob Marley and talking about peace—he says "you know" one whole hell of a lot; and Christina the belly dancer, who is both lovely and nice, and furthermore makes her own costumes. The floor is scarred with skate-marks; as with many of the dressing rooms on this mostly-sports-arena tour, this room is usually the provenance of the visiting hockey team.

I spend my time doing some quick calculations, whereby I discover that if Support Act were to scalp its entire daily allotment of U2 tickets at current street prices (anywhere from $150 to $500 a ticket), instead of giving them to friends and VIPs, it would make a lot more money than it gets paid for playing. Doubtless the band is too lazy to take advantage of my revelation—it would probably babble something about "ethics" instead.

U2's show is so good tonight I nearly start crying. "Somebody has to play rock star," Bono tells the crowd. "Everybody else is into dance music these days." Then he launches into their dance hit "Mysterious Ways," the one that Christina performs on. Just before U2 takes the stage, the crowd does the Wave for about ten minutes, which is fun even though my timing's a bit off.

Last night in Montreal, Dave Grohl from Nirvana came to say hello to Support Act, of which he's a major fan, and Larry from U2 made his (and the band's) only appearance of the tour in the Support Act dressing room. Apparently Dave was a big enough star to warrant his slumming. Later, Dave was also treated to a grandfatherly talk by Bono, who spent an hour lecturing him on the evils of success ("Don't let it go to your head") and didn't take his wraparound fly-shades off the whole time. Dave also revealed Nirvana's desire to put together a tour playing opposite Lollapalooza this summer in the same cities on the same nights, to be called "Lollapaloser." Unfortunately, this plan later falls through.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 26: Hate to disagree with John Lydon, but touring, these days, if you're a big megaplatinum rock star act like U2, is a piece of heavily-frosted cake. Five-star hotels, chartered jets, and fleets of limos certainly help ease the admittedly life-sapping strain of performing and traveling. I drive with my babe to Cleveland. We take the wrong way around (by way of Detroit rather than Buffalo) and I end up wishing we'd flown. Along the way we discuss the mysterious ways of arena rock, specifically whether any amount of success is worth the kind of broad posturing you apparently have to do to reach the spectrum of people an arena act must reach.

"Yeah," I say, "you couldn't pay me to get up there and dance like Bono. I admire his courage in doing that."

"Well, what kind of endears Bono to me," she remarks, "is that he *can't* dance."

Detroit, Michigan, March 27: Pizza night. Bono tries to order 10,000 pizzas from onstage, manages to come up with a hundred, which they distribute to the crowd. I snag one from the crew by pretending to be in Support Act. "We love the Pixies!" they tell me. "Have a pizza!" Celebrity report: Jack Nicholson, Danny DeVito (in town filming a movie). Nicholson wears a beret, nullifying with one bad haberdashery decision all my respect for him. Unless it was a disguise.

Tonight everybody has to have new pictures taken; the laminates need to be replaced because the old ones keep getting bootlegged. I'm not sure why anyone would go to the trouble. Just to hang out backstage, maybe? It's not like you're gonna be able to cruise into the U2 dressing room with that piece of plastic—you also have to have a note from a certified deity, or, uh, you have to be one.

U2, about to launch into one of their famous free jazz explorations.

Next day we drive ten hours to Minneapolis, through desultory gray snow flurries. Wisconsin has an inordinate number of large plastic animals resident beside its roadside gas stations and gift shops (pink elephant, brown moose, white cow), but we did manage to see an actual live deer, frozen in our headlights.

The next day, arriving at the Target Center, there's a rumor that Julia Roberts is visiting U2 in their dressing room. What is it about celebrity that it can only relate to other celebrity? Why does Julia Roberts have an automatic connection with some rock band from Ireland? Do they all sit around and discuss how hard it is to get good help these days?

Chicago, Illinois, March 31: Someone tells me that Bono's arm is killing him—to the point that he requires special massage assistance—as a result of being pulled on all the time by overeager audience members. The price (sigh) of fame.

For me, the highlight of the evening is the free *Terminator II: Judgment Day* video game backstage. Kill! Kill! Kill! Some guy from the U2 crew plays with me, and together we nearly save humanity from extinction before getting bored. Later, friends take us barhopping in Chi town, to the point where I get really sick, which I guess means we had a really great time.

Bono exaggerates his rock star-ness, stretching his persona to the point where his ego actually ceases to matter.

Austin, Texas, April 7: After three tries, Bono manages to put a mike stand through one of the video monitors in Houston last night. Maybe he was moved to violence by false reports that there were more people killed last year by gunshot than by car accident in the state of Texas.

Houston, and Dallas before that, are scary cities right now. Tall glass buildings sway emptily in the Texan breeze, built in the certain knowledge of a glorious, oily future for all, and now mute reminders of hard times. The creaking, once-proud hotels we stay at sit in the midst of growing decay. We run from bar to hotel, heads down.

Austin is a different story. Sitting atop the Sheraton in the tallest bar in the city, light and life spread out for miles in every direction, I resolve never to leave. Later we walk across the street to the local head shop ("The Gas Pipe"—I didn't know these places still existed). Improbably, but somehow inevitably, as we walk in, "Stairway to Heaven" is playing. I can't decide between the freebase pipe or the hydroponic plant growing system, and leave without buying anything.

Continued on page 84

HERE COMES

Sonic Youth, *from left:* Thurston Moore, Steve Shelley, Kim Gordon, and Lee Ranaldo.

the bride

Has Sonic Youth been caught in the uncomfortable position of always being the bridesmaid but never the bride?

That question grows more pertinent as the band prepares to release its second effort for DGC, *Dirty*. Having played a major formative role in the alternative scene now coming, kicking and screaming, into the big time, Sonic Youth has been hailed as critics' darlings and musicians' musicians. Perhaps most significantly, the Youth has been assigned the hefty title of forerunner of a new generation of American music—the mother of all grunge. But despite the acclaim and the attendant notoriety of having been signed to a major label, the band has yet to achieve platinum status. After helping or inspiring dozens of other groups, and playing John the Baptist for some of the hottest acts of the moment—chief among them tourmates and then-nobodies Nirvana—could the Youth have become at all bitter about being left in the chart-burners' dust?

Goo, Sonic Youth's 1990 major-label debut on DGC, sold a very respectable but less-than-seismic 220,000 copies in the U.S., and for good or ill, marked the band's swan dive into corporate rock. Numerous acts have found themselves under ever-increasing pressure from record companies to become the next platinum Nirvana. Yet SPIN wondered whether Sonic Youth, as it completes its new offering, feels frustrated by the tantalizing and elusive vagaries of success.

Gerard Cosloy, comanager of indie label Matador, thinks this whole subject is a crock, dismissing the allegation that Sonic Youth is less than happy with its success. "Sonic Youth's progress has been extremely gradual and Nirvana's rise has been meteoric," he says. "So what? Most bands' success is dwarfed by Nirvana. Ultimately, [Sonic Youth] may never be anywhere as big, but they've been at the top of the indie band scene and have made a decent living at it for a long time. Selling 220,000 records is a lot more than respectable. Hell, Richard Thompson doesn't sell like that. I know lots of bands who would be very satisfied to have their success."

Sonic Youth's (and Nirvana's) A&R rep, Gary Gersh, agrees. "Frustrated?" he asks. "No way. I think Sonic Youth is as focused on what it's trying to accomplish as any band I've ever worked with. And I think they're only willing to do it on their own terms."

In fact, one associate, Bill Ryan, owner of Pier Platters, a Hoboken, New Jersey-based record store, and a friend of the band's for almost ten years, suggests that while Sonic Youth may have initially felt overwhelmed by its peers' success, it took the reality of the situation in stride. "You could say they were a little miffed at first, when bands like Nirvana hit," says Ryan, "but it became a joke among us after a while. As a retailer, I was tracking, for example, Nirvana's sales, and I'd talk to Kim [Gordon] every time another million sold. And she'd say, 'Oh no, not *another* million sales!' "

Ironically, in spite of others' success surpassing the Youth's, Ryan admits charges of becoming prima donna sellouts have been leveled at Sonic Youth since it signed with DGC, but according to Ryan, that comes with the territory. "Any act that breaks ground will be considered a bunch of spoiled brats," he says. "There will always be resentment directed toward Sonic Youth, and I think it stems from jealousy."

He adds that despite an ambiguous assessment of what qualifies as success for a band like Sonic Youth, some of the mainstream's trappings have already come to them; tangible markers, such as being asked to support Neil Young on tour and attracting audiences upward of 14,000 at large venues such as San Francisco's Cow Palace, are, says Ryan, nothing to sneeze at.

What does the band think? Kim Gordon, Thurston Moore, and Steve Shelley (Lee Ranaldo was in Minneapolis producing an album with Babes in Toyland) took time out to celebrate their last day of work on *Dirty* and to talk, over a snack of champagne and Dunkin' Donuts, about how events over the last year have affected them.

SPIN: Do you want to sell millions of records? Are you discontented with your level of success?

KIM GORDON: I think it's pretty unusual we've gotten to the point we have. The music isn't very accessible. We're not writing songs as straightforward as Nirvana's, or even Hüsker Dü's or the Replacements'—

THURSTON MOORE: And if they couldn't break out, well. . . . Look, we're able to work 24 hours a day at making music. We don't have day jobs, like most of the musicians we know, working in record stores or copy places. ▸

Has success passed Sonic Youth by? JACK MASON poses the question.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERHARD YURKOVIC

WIN HOT TICKETS BY PLAYING THE RIGHT GUARD® SPORT STICK MUSIC QUIZ !

Play the Right Guard® Sport Stick Music Quiz by guessing which sport each of the following musicians likes best. Just match the musician to his favorite sport by writing the letter next to his name in the space preceding the sport. Winners will be selected at random from a pool of correct entries.

a. Rod Stewart	**__ Fencing**
b. David Lee Roth	**__ Race Car Driving**
c. Vince Neil (Motley Crue)	**__ Scuba Diving**
d. Sting	**__ Baseball**
e. Hammer	**__ Soccer**
f. Bruce Dickinson (Iron Maiden)	**__ Boxing**
g. Sammy Hagar	**__ Mountain Climbing**

GRAND PRIZE

One pair of tickets to a major music or sports event of your choice in your town or nearby city.*

1st PRIZE

One SPIN Baseball Jacket

2nd PRIZES

20 winners will receive Right Guard® Sport Stick Kits including an assortment of Sport Sticks and a SPIN T-Shirt

Clip your entry and mail to:
Right Guard® Sport Stick Contest c/o
SPIN, 6 West 18th St., NY, NY 10011.
Deadline for entries: August 1,1992
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED
*No transportation provided

RIGHT GUARD®
SPORT STICK
Anything less would be uncivilized.

Gordon: We're selling enough records so that the label is getting enough back on its investment, and we still have the freedom to make the records we want to.
Steve Shelley: Actually, Nirvana's success has kind of taken the pressure off us.
SPIN: Don't you feel a twinge of dismay that Nirvana became so huge, so quickly, when you've been playing for a decade?
Moore: Nirvana is an aberration. Even with them, it was a matter of everything falling into place at a good time. Hüsker Dü wasn't in the right place at the right time. Nirvana was the element everyone was waiting for, the best of R.E.M. and the best of the Butthole Surfers. If a year ago I told you Nirvana was going to go triple platinum, you would have thought I was crazy.
SPIN: What about your role in getting Nirvana a deal with DGC?
Moore: We turned on a few people at Geffen and everyone else we knew to them, but we weren't the only ones. You just had to hear them. When we were on tour with Neil Young, we told Neil's manager, Man, you should get Nirvana on the bill.
SPIN: So you're not at all jealous of their success?
Moore: Sure, I would've loved to have our second album go triple platinum—
Gordon: I wouldn't mind the money, but I don't necessarily want that kind of fame. It's kind of sick. If I saw our video on MTV every day, I think I'd be embarrassed.
SPIN: And you're not resentful that bands such as Pearl Jam, Hole, Helmet, and others have walked through a door you helped open and are maybe reaping bigger rewards?
Shelley: What reward? A mental breakdown?
Moore: I think it's great that these bands have a chance to get that kind of exposure early on. But all these indie bands that have been signed have been very different. People always want to make generalizations about why one band will succeed and another won't. In our eyes, we have succeeded.
SPIN: And you don't feel any regret that you missed the gold rush?
Moore: The gold rush came after us. It's a different time now. The majors all have alternative departments staffed with people from the indie scene. We could have waited and signed now, and yes, we probably could've gotten more money. Big deal. We signed for a rather modest amount so we could have complete control over the music.
Shelley: Besides, if you get a whole lot of money up front and the record company doesn't like what you're doing, that's how you get dropped.
Moore: I don't think we have to compete with other bands. We're not some teenage hardcore band. We're not trying to get—
SPIN: Bigger? I guess the question is, how big is big enough?
Gordon: We want to be extra-large.
Shelley: I'd say we're not afraid of failure and we're not afraid of success. One of the benefits of what we do is that we all get to do other things. Lee's producing Babes in Toyland, Thurston and I have this Dim Stars thing going with Don Fleming and Richard Hell—
Moore: We're all in different bands. Sonic Youth just happens to be the most successful one. Kim has a band called Kitten.
Shelley: That stuff is more interesting to us than how many records we sell. We've been together longer than the Beatles. We work with a circle of people who make us feel comfortable.
SPIN: Then you don't have any problem being on a major label and maintaining the integrity or attitude your fans may expect from you?
Moore: I don't think most of our fans understand what goes on politically in corporate rock. Let's face it, we're living in corporate America. And you know what? This record company treats us better than any indie label ever did. I don't like the term, but I guess the operative word is *professional*.
Gordon: When we were on some indie labels, a lot of times the label was learning as they went. And they didn't have the resources we enjoy now. We don't work *for* DGC, we work *with* them.
SPIN: How do you respond to the contention from some quarters that you've *always* been a somewhat cocksure and self-interested bunch, youth of privilege?
Moore: It must be weird for Nirvana now. They're from the same sort of middle-class backgrounds as us. I don't know how some people get the idea we're from these wealthy backgrounds—
Gordon: What was it, *trust-fund babies*? I wish. Every time we've put out a record, someone has accused us of selling out. There are people who don't really want a band they like to get too big. I remember when we were in England for the first time. We rented equipment and got about $20 for the gig. We had 15 minutes to play and everything was going wrong. An amp blew up, we were breaking strings, and I think someone smashed a guitar. But it was very cathartic. The next day, the review read "bratty New York art rockers living in huge lofts trash stage." Being from New York, people have this idea you should stay arty or whatever.
SPIN: Your new album, *Dirty*, will be released later this month. Since your producer [and Nirvana's] Butch Vig is here, how about a little preview?
Moore: It sounds better than any record we ever made. The songs are better, too.
SPIN: You also used Andy Wallace, who mixed the Nirvana album, on your album.
Shelley: Butch and Andy may have worked on *Nevermind*, but it's more a case of duplicating what Butch and Andy are capable of creatively, rather than replicating Nirvana.
Moore: Butch is like us in that he may be in the so-called big time but is anticompetition. To me, the major failure of alternative America is trying to compete with major labels.
Butch Vig: The album has a not-so-perfect quality we all like. It's a pretty simple record with a very live feel. We deliberately made it sound a little raw. We used the oldest gear we could find, including a 20-year-old sound board. We didn't use any click tracks, and there isn't much overdubbing. Sonic Youth has a different approach to songwriting. Instead of clearly arranged songs—verse, chorus, verse, solo, fadeout—a lot of their stuff is intuitive and develops from playing off each other.
Gordon: If anything, the new album is probably a reaction to *Goo*. *Daydream Nation* was—
Shelley: Very jammy. I think we wanted to make a much more spontaneous record than *Goo*, which we really labored over.
SPIN: What sort of impact do you think you've had on the alternative scene?
Moore: I think it's pretty obvious.
Gordon: It's whatever you want it to be.
Shelley: We've influenced bands to do things on their own terms, which is just how we try to do it.

A true artiste
should be known
for his inspiration,
not perspiration.
RIGHT GUARD
STICK
DEODORANT
Right Guard Sport Sticks.
Anything less would be uncivilized.

PEACHTREE KEY LARGO BLUESBERRY TN|PLE SEC PEPPERMINT CINNAMON

OLD TAVERN ROOTBEER MOUNTAIN STRAWBERRY APPLE BARREL MELON LIQUEUR ORANTASIA PEACHTREE

WILDERBERRY PEPPERMINT 100 TRIPLE SEC SPEARMINT BLUESBERRY HOT DAMN! BUTTERSHOTS

Cactus Juice Margarita Schnapps. And over 40 other flavors to dress up any occasion.

CACTUS JUICE KEY LARGO BUTTERSHOTS RAZZMATAZZ HOT DAMN!

DEKUYPER

MAKE RESPONSIBILITY PART OF YOUR ENJOYMENT

DeKuyper® Cactus Juice™ Margarita Schnapps, 15% Alc./Vol. Bottled by John DeKuyper & Son, Elmwood Place, OH. © 1992 John DeKuyper & Son

role call

Bruce Springsteen. *The Boss, to his uncountable fans in the '70s and the '80s. The voice of his generation, now perhaps superseded by a faster, younger breed of truth-tellers. In the aftermath of his two recent album releases,* Lucky Town *and* Human Touch, *does the Boss still have something to say to the twentysomething generation? We asked Chuck D to share his thoughts.*

I KIND OF LIKE SPRINGSTEEN'S DRIVE IN HIS MUSIC, AND I like certain of his points of view; of course, I'm judging from the outside.

In '69, I was nine years old. I was listening to [New York AM station] WABC; if I were going to point to any kind of music besides soul or R&B, it would be the Lovin' Spoonful, shit like that. It was more Springsteen's attitude I could identify with. I think "the Boss" came from his unrelenting attitude of doing what he had to do, saying what he had to say.

Musically, though, you can't ask me about Bruce Springsteen or John Mellencamp, or any of those guys. I mean, where I was coming from, the '70s, Bruce Springsteen, I got him confused with Rick Springfield, you know? I didn't really hear his music. Later on, I found out about it. I was more familiar with what he was trying to do, more so than his music. The same way a lot of people are familiar with what I'm trying to do, or what my brothers are trying to do, rather than the music. That's understandable.

I think with Springsteen, as with any good artist, he has a fantastic time, which means that many people like him and want to follow him, and you start having clones out there. And that cloning is good from the perspective of rap music, because there's not any other type of exposure out there, from television or radio, from our perspective as much. But in the white world, there's that same clone derivation, and you still have TV, radio, and all aspects of white, mainstream America, even if it's underclass. So it boils down to what new story can you tell.

Springsteen came as a breakthrough. I think his point of view was shocking to a lot of people who had thought America was the land of milk and honey. And talking and singing about things during the Nixon-Ford administrations, and people finding reality kind of harsh in different aspects, even in mainstream white life. Rap is even a deeper look, because our whole story has been obscured from different perspectives. So rap is even a deeper dig into it.

As time progressed, people's curiosities and interests grew to learn even more. A lot of white kids would probably say they looked at Public Enemy as an introduction to what's going on in black culture. And it's something interesting to find out about, because everything else has been told.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAMELA SPRINGSTEEN

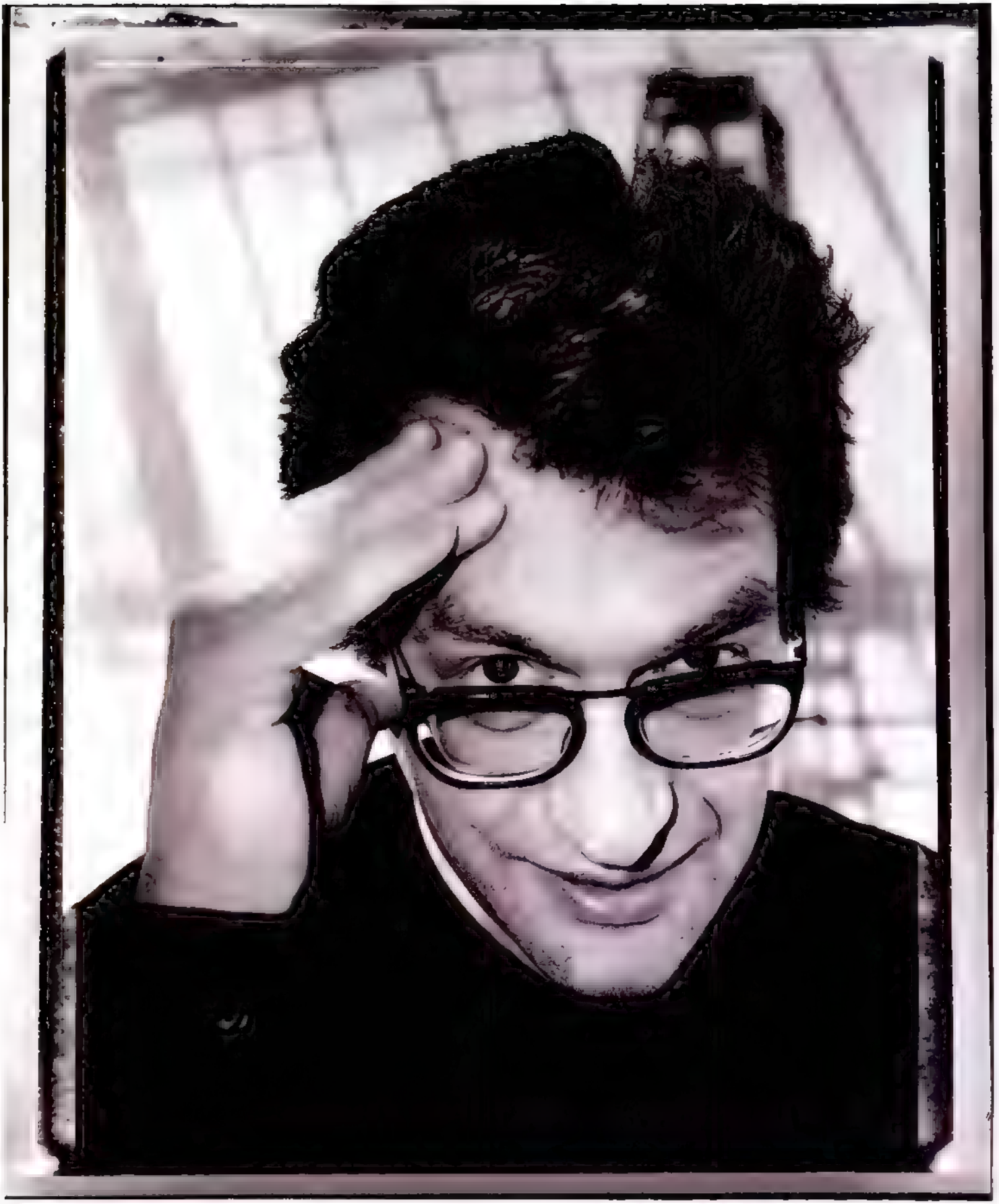
I think human beings have a natural tendency to learn, a curious quest to learn about each other. You never hear people say, "I don't want to learn about people." Everything's designed for us to learn about people—about ourselves—better. And we understand that we, as a human race, will always try to find out how different people act or how they look or how they feel, in order for us to realize that we are all the same.

Does Springsteen still have any relevance to kids today? That's not for me to say. I just think that—of course he does. There are so many people not saying what's really going on. If he just dips into substance, people who didn't before might one day see where he's coming from and not get caught up in a hook. "Born in the U.S.A."—that was a hook and a half, and so many people gave it their own meanings without listening to the words. I think, to a lot of kids today, it's all in the music. And it's all in the dedication to the music that the artist has.

Springsteen could very well become the voice of the '90s, if he picks the subject to spark the public. But one person is never it. Bruce Springsteen never wanted to be the voice of his generation. People who say Chuck D may be the voice of the '90s—I say, okay, maybe I'm *one* of the voices. I'm an ambassador for rap, but I'm very quick to say, you can get a point of view from Daddy-O of Stetsasonic, probably even better than from me.

But I can't really judge Springsteen. All I got to say is: He's the Boss. He's the Boss—fuck it.

Public Enemy's CHUCK D on Bruce Springsteen, rock'n'roll, rap, white America, black America.



Wim's desires

For German filmmaker Wim Wenders, rock'n'roll is the background music of life. KAREN DILLON asks the director to turn up the volume.

"BLUE, BLUE, BLUE SUEDE SHOES." I JUST CAN'T GET THE AMERICANA theme music out of my head as I call the German operator. It's Elvis's birthday, and I'm calling Berlin to interview Wim Wenders, who is about to start production on the sequel to *Wings of Desire* (the film's working title is *Far Away So Close*). Though Wenders has never quoted Elvis in any of his 15 films, rock'n'roll has been used in all of them. It's hard to recall Wenders's film *Paris, Texas*, without thinking of Ry Cooder's desolate slide guitar, or to remember the lover's climax in *Wings of Desire* without Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds' carnival music from hell in the background. All Wenders's films, from his student work on, feature great musical talents: John Coltrane, the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Van Morrison, Chuck Berry, the Lovin' Spoonful, Johnny and the Hurricanes, the Troggs, the Tokens, the Ventures, Canned Heat, Deep Purple, Martha and the Muffins, Echo & the Bunnymen to name a few—plus all the artists from his most recent film, *Until the End of the World*, which had one of the most enjoyably eclectic soundtracks of recent years.

My mind is segueing into "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog" but a Lou Reed song fills the receiver, and Wenders's drawled German "Yahhh . . . " eclipses my mind's echoes of the King.

SPIN: Why do your films continue to quote rock'n'roll?

Wim Wenders: Because I continue to live with it. I continue to be inspired by it. To "get by with a little help from my friends." I think since one day in the mid-1950s when I walked into an ice cream parlor, and I might be wrong, but I think it was "Tutti Frutti" that was playing on the jukebox. Or maybe it was Chuck Berry. Then, when I went to the ice cream parlor, I spent my pocket money no longer on ice cream but on the jukebox. And ever since.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL SPANO

SPIN: Did you know you wanted to make films at that point?

Wenders: Oh no. Completely out of the question. No, I went to see movies like every other kid. Even later on, after my graduation, I wanted to do all kinds of other things. I never thought of being a film director. I wanted to become a doctor. Even after I made a couple of films I thought it was just sheer luck, and that I would never seriously become a film director. One of the most unlikely professions, don't you think? I was too realistic to believe in it.

SPIN: Do you feel inspired by music as an ensemble art form and do you carry that kind of collaboration over into your filmmaking?

Wenders: The most subtle area in the whole filmmaking process is where it all starts. As soon as it gets into technology and craft and fi-

nancing and contracts, it's no longer a mystery and everybody can talk about it. The mysterious area is when you're alone and somehow, through a collection of certain images or certain stories or certain experiences, the film takes its very first shape. And in that very subtle area, which no one really knows much about—so much of it is subconscious anyway—in that subtle area I think rock'n'roll has been my most important influence. More than any pictures or stories. Sometimes you read that people read an article in a newspaper and that's how a movie starts. My movies have never started with that sort of a plot or story. They always started with more vague events. I think you can trace some of them to rock'n'roll and to a sort of synergy that comes if you're listening to a song. If you listen to a lot of music, then you cannot help but be invaded with all sorts of stories and images all the time. Whenever I sit down to write or to do anything in my home or my office, I have some music playing. I consider it my unconscious at work. In a way, my record collection is a collection of my subconscious.

SPIN: You could get psychoanalyzed just by handing over your record collection.

Wenders: My advice is don't spend your money on therapy. Spend it in a record store.

SPIN: Does the soundtrack of *Until the End of the World* reflect your personal taste in music?

Wenders: Yeah, very much so. I'd be stupid to let anybody take over the only part that's really fun anymore. Finding the music or putting it together or working with the musicians—that's almost the most gratifying piece of the whole work. I'd really not let anyone interfere with that part. It's very complicated to put a movie together out of five, six, seven, different sources already; you need armies of lawyers to make a film like this. But to put together a soundtrack like this was even more complicated. Filmmaking is easy compared with putting together a soundtrack of that order.

SPIN: What are you listening to right now?

Wenders: Right now? *Right* now, just yesterday, Lou Reed sent me *Magic and Loss* together with a book of his poetry. I just turned it off when you called. I think Lou has been a constant inspiration. Right now, I'm listening a lot to a group called House of Love. I have four records that they made. I listen to that all the time. I always have these periods when I listen to a couple of groups completely, exclusively. Right now, it's House of Love. I think they're tremendous. I never heard them [live], I only know their records. Then I'm also listening a lot to Neil Young's *Weld*, the live album with Crazy Horse. I think he's an amazing guy, this man. It's the first time I went out and bought the videos.

"Whenever I sit down to write or to do anything in my home or my office, I have some music playing. I consider it my unconscious at work. In a way, my record collection is a collection of my subconscious."

SPIN: His concert videos?

Wenders: Yeah, I just wanted to know what he looked like. He looks like he's been through the mill. But he's absolutely an incredible guitar player, and Lou Reed, too. Sometimes these singers don't get enough credit for also being great guitar players. Lou Reed is a fantastic guitar player but nobody ever talks about his guitar.

Before I got into my House of Love period, I was in a Lilac Time period. I think they're English, but there is no information on their album whatsoever. I have no idea where they are from. They have the sparsest record you can imagine. They just put the title on the cover.

SPIN: What is it you see when you look at America?

Wenders: I lived in America for seven years. I lived in San Francisco and Los Angeles and New York. So it felt so much like home for a while. It does change your perspective. I have a hard time thinking that what I see is as a German. I get instant homesickness if I think of New York right now. Last

NORMAL BIAS

HIGH BIAS

time I was in America was in November. I was in New York and Los Angeles and Minneapolis and Toronto. It got to me a little bit that it was more of a depression than I had thought. I met more people who were discouraged. The poverty was so much more obvious than before. I was sort of shocked. When you get to Los Angeles, everybody pretends nothing is going wrong, and then you come to New York where nobody believes that it could get better again. Somehow it's strangely schizophrenic, how people deal with an obvious impending doom. A lot of people pretend it's not happening. Others see it very clearly.

I was sitting next to this guy on the plane who was a lawyer for a big law firm, where there were a thousand lawyers and the only thing they ever did was bankruptcy. This guy was beaming. This guy was jubilant. He said never in his life had his work been going so well. He had a whole different perspective on the whole thing. He completely saw it from his own business point of view, which was, "great." That was scary, very scary.

Somehow I think of America now, especially from here in Germany, which is also faced with this whole threat of depression. You can go through East Berlin now to East Germany —or when you travel to Moscow or Poland and you see all this incredible poverty, these masses of people who are scared. The depression seems almost global.

So right now, for the first time, I don't think of America in terms of prosperity or hope or skyscrapers, cars, sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll, but really in terms of fear. How can you possibly turn it around? Especially people who are working in the arts—painters, filmmakers, musicians—all are really scared. They don't quite see how they can go on producing whatever they are producing.

SPIN: How do you feel the economic climate will affect your films?

Wenders: It would be good if people would reconsider doing smaller films. Especially in America, where these budgets have gone so out of proportion people are spending the sort of money on advertising campaigns for one film that they could easily make ten films with. I think a lot of these big films have not worked out lately, so maybe it will get some of these people back to earth and they'll reconsider the whole relation between money and ideas. Parts of America are getting so incredibly big and rich and other parts are getting so poor. In filmmaking, for instance, it seems so bizarre that people who are really gifted and great artists or craftsmen are fighting to get $500,000, which they can make a great film with and other people spend that sort of money every day on ads. I really wish that somehow some tremor or earthquake—not physical, but in the minds—would put some of these perspectives back so that people realize they don't need $50 million to make a movie.

SPIN: Who are the film directors in America that influence your work?

Wenders: I think the greatest living, working director in America is Martin Scorsese. Martin has made small films as well as big films, and I'd always walk a mile to see whatever he's done.

SPIN: What are you working on currently?

Wenders: I'm working on the project (*Far Away So Close*) in Berlin and for a long time I've been working on a script with Paul Auster. That is my long-term project, which I will begin after the Berlin project which I hope to finish this summer.

SPIN: In *Until the End of the World*, there is a character whose father has built a machine so that his blind mother can see. Is that how you view yourself, as the man who hopes to let the blind see?

Wenders: Just vaguely, in that I had a blind aunt, my father's sister, who was somebody I admired a lot when I was little. An incredible woman, who has lived her life as if blindness was not a problem. She's still alive—still travels and goes to see movies. She says herself, she "sees" movies, and she writes letters and plays music and bakes cakes and does everything as if blindness were not a problem. So that is the only biographical part.

SPIN: It's not self-referential? You don't view yourself as the man who with his machine teaches the blind to see?

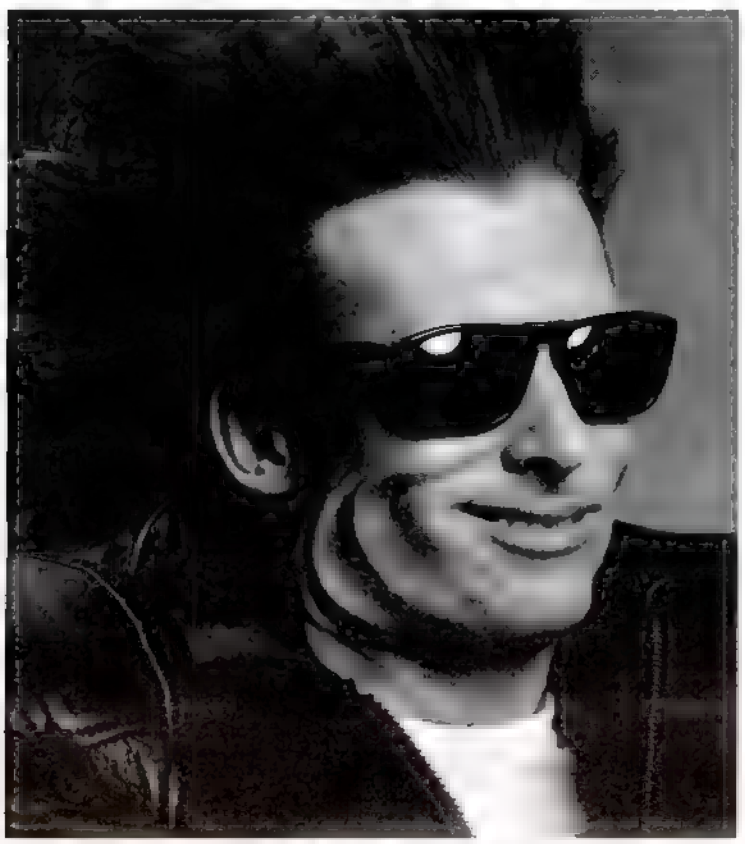
Wenders: No, I would never do that. I promise I would not build this machine. Even if I could, I would only destroy it.

SPIN: What advice would you give the readers of SPIN?

Wenders: Travel. The first advice to any American would be get a passport. Less than 10 percent of Americans have one.

SPIN: An amazing statistic.

Continued on page 88



BLACK MAGNETITE

Get ready for a tape that isn't normal or high, but intense.

Maxell XLII-S is formulated with Black Magnetite—a magnetic material with 13% more power than any normal or high bias tape—for higher output and wider dynamic range.

In the words of *CD Review*, "you know you're hearing something good, when your heart leaps into your throat." That's not normal. That's not high. That's XLII-S with Black Magnetite.

TAKE YOUR MUSIC TO THE MAX.

'The Best Things in Life are Still Made by Hand'.
DRUM
handrolling tobacco
DRUM
Excellent
Drum. Your Own Rhythm.
Surprisingly Mild.

Yo Yo is in the house with a no-holds-barred feminist message. JOAN MORGAN spreads the word.

mother of pearl

WHEN CALIFORNIA RAPPER YO YO STOMPED ONTO THE HIP HOP SCENE in 1991 with *Make Way for the Motherlode*, the genre's hard-breathing, macho aesthetic heavily overshadowed its maternal nature. Despite having nurtured a handful of vinyl heroines, more often than not the music's primary female images consisted of either "bitches" for steady pumpin', crotch-grabbing B-girls, or manless matriarchs. Then came the mother lode: tough and tender feminist urbanese, flexed over hardcore beats usually reserved for the boys. Yo Yo's sensual outrage helped fill a gaping void.

Black pearl / Precious little girl / Let me lift you up where you belong. . . .
—"Black Pearl"

One year later, her outrage continues to provide a voice for those who lack a means of expression, especially when life explodes in their faces and outside their doors. Witness, for example, the afternoon a Harlem apartment-dweller heard sex sounds in his hallway. Not the feel-good sex sounds, but the yucky, something's wrong sex sounds. In the corridor three of the block's youngest daddy Macks were doing a brown child no more than 15, doggie-style.

One of the rarely mourned victims, brown girls like her find their champion in Yo Yo—one woman able to restore the self-esteem robbed of young sisters by sexism, racism, drug addiction, AIDS, and teenage pregnancy.

Preacher-teacher Yo Yo.

SCOTT SCHULMAN

Come follow me / I'm gonna take you on a sister-to-sister journey.
—"Black Pearl"

However, Yo Yo's reign is not without controversy. Not only was she discovered and produced by Ice Cube, considered by many the prototype for black male misogyny, but also her fly blond extensions, revealing cotton-Lycra gear and raw street poetry remove her far from Afrocentrics and the academic language of contemporary black feminism. "I'm not Sister Yo Yo, one of these Afrocentric, X-cap wearing niggas that won't bust a gut for the cause," she paraphrases from her newly released sophomore effort, *Black Pearl*. "I don't want to be one of these sisters on a black-thing mission. I'm on a sister-to-sister mission and that's worldwide."

Yo Yo's refusal to deny her ghetto roots or suppress her Tina Turner–esque sexual power hasn't been without sacrifice. Touring with Ice Cube's Lench Mob, a loose posse which includes *Black Pearl* producers Sir Jinx, DJ Pooh, and Cypress Hill's Muggs, has entailed facing audiences of nut-grabbing ho-hoppers more interested in nabbing the "nappy dugout" (as Ice Cube so delicately refers to female genitalia) than being set on the course of feminist enlightenment. How does she deal with them? "The assholes?" she asks. "I never ignore them [when I'm performing]. I usually come out with somethin' to make them feel ashamed, make them realize that here's a sister doin' somethin' for herself and for them. I try to make them go home thinkin' about somethin'."

So I'll take the role of the preacher / I'll preach to each and I'll teach if I have to teach.
—"You Should Have Listened"

In an age when even the most steadfast rappers are abandoning their previous politics and killing their daisies in order to get paid, Yo Yo's second record is not only slammin', but remarkably consistent. "My image has stayed the same," she insists. "I haven't changed, because the situations I speak about haven't changed. If anything, they've gotten worse, so I've learned how to become stronger."

Black Pearl certainly rocks harder. Its production mixes gospel R&B moments, sinewy bass lines, and Afro-club classics—a refreshing deviation from the South Central standard of '70s funk and manic urban hysteria. Yo Yo's skills have also improved. Her rapid-fire delivery and syncopation allows her to coast past hardcore beats as she drops science with her new school feminism.

Her greatest strength, though, lies in her ability to push aside the confusing, exclusionary rhetoric of Women's Studies theory to groove with the strongest concerns of hip hop's brown girls: It's not okay to be with a nigga that's beating you; it's not okay to dis another sister because your man is steady mackin'; and it's not okay to use your womb as a handcuff. It is okay to be alone; it is okay to be sexy and demand respect; most important, it is more than okay to call a black man out when love and the fight for liberation are at stake.

"I've learned a lot with this album," says Yo Yo. "With *Make Way for the Motherlode*, I was building the foundation. With *Black Pearl*, I'm still climbing, trying to add onto this house I'm building." Brown girls and daddy Macks: Welcome home.

ANTIHERO

Mario Cuomo, who for many Americans is the closest thing we have to a real-live political hero, speaks out on sex, drugs, rock'n'roll, and lots of red-hot issues in an exclusive interview with MICHAEL PAKENHAM and BOB GUCCIONE, JR.

AS AMERICANS DESPAIR AT THE thinness of choice for President, the name that comes up most on the public's wish list is Mario Cuomo's. Cuomo is an enigma. He says he isn't running because he hasn't completed the current job voters entrusted to him. A man of simple dignity and inspiring passion, he preaches the nobility of public service and won't budge from his decision to stay out of this campaign. He is Caesar refusing the crown one day and still having it offered to him the next.

He was elected governor of New York in 1982, and within two years, was being talked about, a lot, as a potential President. When he delivered the keynote address at the '84 Democratic Convention, he spellbound the nation with his eloquence, clarity, and, most of all, his vision of a better, fairer America. He has since vowed never to give another keynote. In contrast to the neurotically polished facade of American politics, Cuomo's complexity suggests an image of a poet, a romantic, singing out some pure anthem from the grubby, greasy morass.

Could Cuomo march to center stage? Michael Pakenham and Bob Guccione, Jr., went to Albany, New York, to ask the man himself. And to ask what's gone wrong with the American political system and, thus, with America.

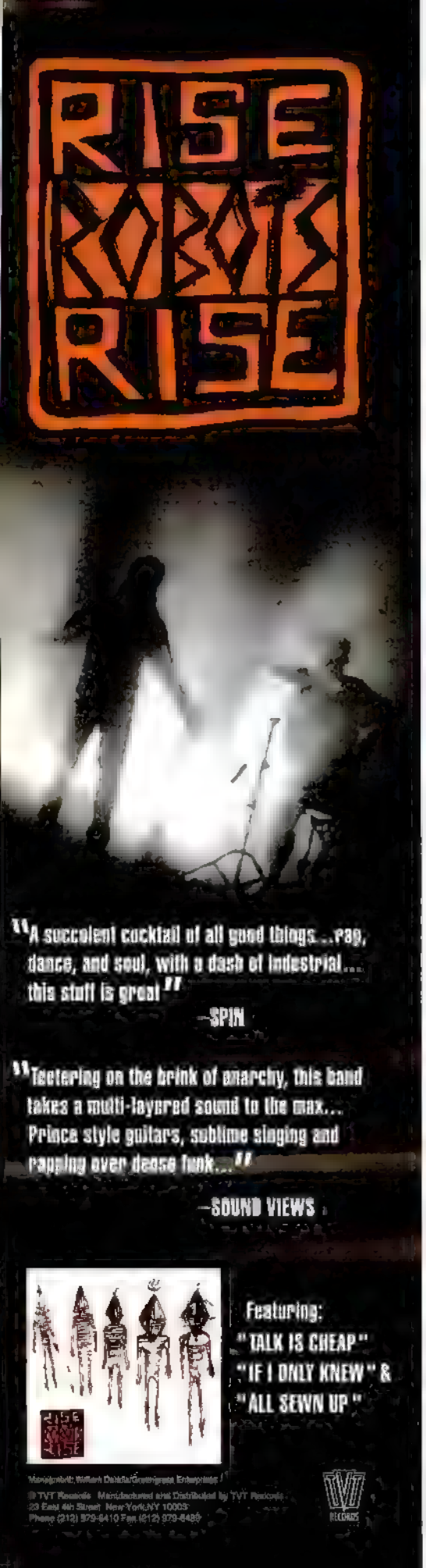
Cuomo answered from the end of a long table in a room next to the majestic State Capitol office that had been occupied by two Roosevelts—Theodore and Franklin D.—Nelson Rockefeller, Thomas Dewey, and the legendary Alfred Smith. The Roosevelts both went on to be President. The others came very close. On Cuomo's chair is a cushion embroidered "Seat of Gov't."

Cuomo was animated and passionate. He spoke slowly, haltingly, thoughtfully. He stopped, now and again, to laugh at himself. In person, he displays a genuine humility.

Cuomo's right eye was blackened from a collision with an elbow in a basketball game the previous weekend. "If you mention the black eye," he

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSE FROHMAN

Material chroniony prawem autorskim


RISE
RISE
RISE
"A succulent cocktail of all good things...rap, dance, and soul, with a dash of industrial.... this stuff is great"
—SPIN
"Teetering on the brink of anarchy, this band takes a multi-layered sound to the max... Prince style guitars, sublime singing and rapping over dense funk..."
—SOUND VIEWS
Featuring:
"TALK IS CHEAP"
"IF I ONLY KNEW" &
"ALL SEWN UP"
RISE
RISE
RISE
TVT RECORDS

insisted, "damn it, at least tell them we won."

SPIN: Do you ever get to listen to new music?
Cuomo: All of a sudden you're a governor. They lock you up in a big house. You can't go *anywhere*, except with a cop. You're *never* without a tie, you're *never* yourself. And I didn't like that. Well, how do you stay close to the culture? You cheat. You do it vicariously, you do it indirectly, remotely. And one of the ways is to stay in touch with the music. I watch MTV.
SPIN: Do you enjoy rock?
Cuomo: I don't enjoy anything that's very, very loud. I am bemused by it, and I try to figure out what there is, what there is in African music, and in this music or that.
SPIN: In 1982, you were not talking about crack and homelessness, but by '83 you were. If you've watched MTV at all, or read in the press about the anger in rap music, you know how quickly crack and all the ghetto problems have polarized. How does it concern you in New York, when New York is obviously the fulcrum of this?
Cuomo: Let's just first talk about the anger, and see if we can understand that. Rap is expressing a lot of discontent. There's not a lot of it that's reverie, there's not a lot of it that's happy talk. A lot of it is didactic, a lot of it is protest, a lot of it is fear, and a lot of it is anger. In every society, there was this angry poetry, angry songs, angry music. I am not surprised that this generation should have its angry sounds. There's more anger because there's more failure, and there's more *perceived* failure. This is one of the emptiest times in our modern history. Twenty-five years ago, when things were said to be pretty good, if you had to sum up where the people were, the best description of our current attitudinal situation was in *The Graduate*, in [Simon and Garfunkel's] "Mrs. Robinson": "Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio? / A nation turns its lonely eyes to you." Think about those lines. What they were saying was, no more heroes, no more Martin Luther King, Jr., no more John Kennedy, no more Bobby Kennedy. No great, uplifting cause, no great orthodoxy, no great religion, no great *sustainer*! There's nothing to believe in! We have nothing to throw our arms around and say, "Yeah, I'm with *this!* I believe in *this!*"
SPIN: Many serious people now argue that legalizing narcotics would curtail violent crime. Do you agree? If not, how do you respond to them?
Cuomo: No, I don't agree. And you're right. Some very bright people in this society are saying, "Legalize it. We've tried everything else and we've failed. Let's surrender. We've exhausted all possibilities for dealing with this problem, so let's sacrifice an entire generation of other people's kids to drugs." We have not tried everything! We must confront this problem on a national level. They don't grow coca leaves in the Bronx or Chicago or Los Angeles. A couple of years ago, the President declared war on drugs. The problem was, he wanted to fight a war without any troops. You need to provide more drug treatment and expand your prevention efforts, particularly in the schools. We have to do more to prevent kids from dropping out of school and encourage them either to pursue a college degree or learn a trade. But short-term, the threat is now. You need to protect yourself now. You need to do more law enforcement now. We have to put police on the streets. We have to make arrests. We have to put people behind bars, but we have to do it all without ever eroding the constitutional principles that are so important.

"Youth are angry as hell, and I don't blame them—the richest country ever created, and we have these incredible problems."

SPIN: Now, what are the problems angering youth this way?
Cuomo: Disillusioned expectations, crack, violence. They use the drugs, but they know it's killing. AIDS, disease, losing the opportunity economically. They're angry as hell, and I don't blame them. They look around in the richest country in the whole world, the richest country ever created, and we have these incredible problems, like you can't walk down the street in some places. And they don't have to be geniuses to figure out "This is wrong, and you screwed it up, not me, because I'm only 19. I didn't have a chance yet." Now, is it the fault of the politicians, and can the politicians correct it? Politicians can't do anything but lead people in the right direction, and we need much better leadership than we have now, probably worldwide. You need Václav Havels, who are good at it, and we don't have that yet.
SPIN: Where are you going to find them? Where do we make them from?
Cuomo: From the 19-year-olds who are angry.
SPIN: What do we tell them?
Cuomo: "It's your world. I blew it. I'm 60. You're right, I left you with emptiness. It's up to you. Assume that I abandoned you, I accept your indictment, I plead guilty."
SPIN: What's the best piece of advice you ever gave your kids, the most important piece

of advice?

Cuomo: In the end, you have to be able to be comfortable with yourself. In the end, if you allow the world to be your judge, or the people around you to be your judges, you are constantly and forever a victim. In the end, you have to do what you can to meet proper standards, but in the end, you have to be your own judge, ultimately.

SPIN: There's an awful lot of feeling of righteousness in the music we're talking about, an enormous integrity of spirit in being alienated. In rejecting what the political mainstream is offering.

Cuomo: Well, I am not surprised at the rejection. I don't believe it's unfair. I can't remember a greater failure of government than the one I'm participating in right now, in this state, in this country. I really feel that way, and I'm an integral part of it. I'm trying very hard, and I'm doing a lot of things that I think are right, but I must tell you, this system is failing. It is failing at the most fundamental levels. And it's because politicians want their office too badly, because the office is more meaningful than doing the right thing. It's because of greed, it's because of selfishness. We have to get our hands on it and improve it. Because if it keeps going the way it's going now, it will lead to chaos.

SPIN: But what is the obligation of the people who are currently in power? I'm not indicting, in this instance.

Cuomo: I did.

SPIN: And I'm agreeing with your assessment that we must now get involved. That is a message we bring to our readers, constantly, to get involved. But obviously there's a time lag. What must happen in the meantime, before the next generation can participate?

Cuomo: What we need from the leadership of this country right now is more of the truth. This comes before action. I'm talking about communication. Truth requires one or both of the following two things: that the truth is appreciated, understood by the power, and that the power is then willing to share the truth. I believe that President Bush is intelligent enough to know that the nation's current course is a disaster, and that we must find an immense amount of new wealth to invest in children, the antidrug effort, the crumbling infrastructure, the education system, creating jobs—which you can do with wealth. He must also know that you cannot get that wealth without doing at least two things: One is bringing down the defense budget more than he has said he will; two is inconveniencing many upper-middle-class people by taking entitlement programs like Social Security, and saying, "Look, if you're really well-off, you're not going to get as much." For Clinton to tell the people the whole truth, he has to say all the things he's now saying, and then add to it: "Let's get this clear. When you make me President, it's not going to be easy for you." Don't think that middle-class tax cut is the answer.

See, Clinton did that. That is not a good description of the truth. He said he was for a middle-class tax cut. Forget that. It costs you 20 billion dollars and what the hell did you achieve? You give them 300 bucks a year. He can't invest that in anything. It doesn't help you with schools, it doesn't help you with kids, it doesn't fight drugs, it doesn't build bridges, it doesn't do anything, it doesn't help you with the economy, it's 300 bucks a year—what can you do with 300 bucks? You can't buy a good suit. Clinton is closer to the truth than Bush, but he has to go a little bit further, or he'll never succeed as President.

"Clinton is closer to the truth than Bush, but he has to go a little bit further, or he'll never succeed as President."

SPIN: Why?

Cuomo: Because having won without telling us you're going to do that, we're not going to let you do it. Because now, all of a sudden, you announce to the people that you're going to do all these unpopular things—why didn't you tell us that before you ran? You can't get away with it. The Congress won't pass it, because the people will scream.

SPIN: Is it going to get better?

Cuomo: Yes, yes.

SPIN: I mean, can you tell us what the prescription is? People aren't accepting the truth. [Governor Bruce] Babbitt tried in the last election; he was crucified.

Cuomo: Yes, I would agree. And Tsongas tried, and he was doing well. That's the shame of his withdrawal. He might have won that way. I would say Ross Perot's not telling us the truth yet. It will be very interesting to see whether he does. It gets better. Why? There is a sanction system at work that nature and God created. There really is. It comes. At one point it's just too much, and crisis occurs. And crisis produces Roosevelts and a willingness to sacrifice.

SPIN: There's a widespread perception that politicians in this country just aren't honest. There's also a widespread perception, which I know you'll balk at, that you are. Why?

Cuomo: Well, I basically have been honest. That's why my polls are so low. I told the people of the state the truth. I made three commercials before I won in 1990 saying, "Don't vote for me because you think things are better, because

YOTHU YINDI

TRIBAL VOICE

The music of the world's oldest surviving culture is today's newest sound.

Featuring the Hit single "Treaty" Now storming the USA

Gold Single & Album in Australia. MTV Winner - Best Australian Music Video. #1 Single in Southern Australia. Australasian Performing Rights Association's "Song Of The Year".

Available on Hollywood Records Compact Discs and Cassettes.

© 1992 Warner-Lambert Co.

Finally. The Perfect Curve.

Tracer is the first razor

with a blade that flexes.

It traces every curve

on your face,

to put more blade edge

against your skin.

Schick

they're going to be worse. That's why I'm sticking around, because they're going to be lousy." Now, you don't run that way, and you don't get points that way, and I didn't. Fortunately, we had such a big margin—we won anyway. I look candid. I mean, I look like the kind of guy who's not going to lie to you: "He looks like my uncle." I'm everybody's uncle. I've got great baggy eyes, big nose, you know, jowls—you're not threatening to anybody. The question really would be, for me, if I were a presidential candidate, "Would I tell people the whole truth that I am insisting that Clinton and Bush tell them now?" That would have been the test.

SPIN: Would you?

Cuomo: I believe so, but that's too easy for me to say to you because I'm not a candidate.

SPIN: Halfway through your 1984 Democratic Convention keynote speech, there were tears streaming down the faces of hardened politicians. There's conventional wisdom about Mario Cuomo, that nobody in American politics can speak worth a damn except Mario Cuomo.

Cuomo: That is really fascinating. Personally, I don't like giving speeches. I never have, I never did. My mother not long ago told me that when I was in my first year of school, "You wouldn't stay in school because you couldn't speak English, and you cried." We had an Italian-American grocery store in which my parents always spoke Italian. And until I was, like, seven or eight years of age I couldn't speak English. And that left its mark. I never did anything in St. John's Prep, St. John's College, never on debate, never. I was in student government, but I never gave a speech. Until I was a lawyer. The first time I started speaking was when I had to argue in court, and then I was so insistent on knowing the stuff cold. I was like an actor, you know, memorizing scripts, because I was afraid to get up on the stage. So that intrigues me. And I've thought a lot about this now. It wasn't just the keynote. I have had better speeches than the keynote. Much more effective speeches. And I'll tell you what it is, I've finally figured it out.

"Many minority children are having babies while they're still babies. Consciously, deliberately, because this is their affirmation. This is their avenue to dignity."

SPIN: Why don't Clinton or the other candidates inspire?

Cuomo: I think there are figures on the scene who can inspire, and do inspire, and you have to study them. Jesse Jackson is one. You know, Jesse gets a bad rap from a lot of people, and he gets some criticism that perhaps he deserves. I mean, "Hymietown"—that hurts him with a lot of people.

SPIN: People doubt his sincerity.

Cuomo: Well, that's the interesting point. I was going to say, if Jesse were brand-new now—if everything that is Jesse Jackson showed up now in the person of "Tommy Thompson," or, bad choice, "Willy Warren," you know, who nobody ever saw before, but he was big, and he was handsome, and he said all the things Jesse is saying—he would be a sensation. Because they would give you the benefit of the doubt the first time you said it. You have a lot of professional politicians who know what to say and who know what not to say. And we're very discreet about it. And it gets to be like an engineering exercise instead of an exercise in, you know, free expression.

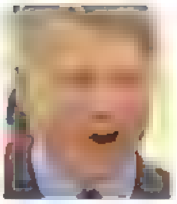
SPIN: If the 1984 keynote wasn't your best speech, what was?

Cuomo: At the National Italian American Foundation in Washington, three years ago, I was, like, the 15th speaker or something. After Alan Alda—who was sensational. And I got up there and made some jokes about how you'd have to be dumb to try to hold your own after all this. But I said, "There's something that I find irresistible that I'd like to share with you. It's great seeing [Justice Antonin] Scalia, Alda, [Miami Dolphins quarterback Dan] Marino, all these successful people, all of you. You'd have to be successful to just get in this joint." They all laughed. I said, "You're all wealthy, doing well. Well-respected by the community. Now we still take some cheap shots from time to time—Mafia, all that. But we're doing well, and we should celebrate that, and we should rejoice in our success, but we should also

---

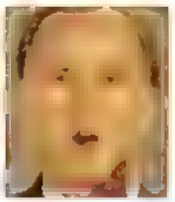
[ON THE RECORD]

In the April Antihero, SPIN wrote that "Communism is as dead as last summer's flounder. Great, but that leaves umpteen-zillion megatons of nuclear destructiveness rattling around. And the potential of worldwide regional warfare for a generation. Get a global act together. Finally. The U.S. just can't seem to kick the war habit. Peace, baby, peace." What follows are responses to SPIN's query on the war policy from the candidates, or their official positions as expressed by them or their campaign organizations.



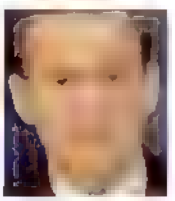
Bill Clinton: "As President, I pledge to maintain military forces strong enough to deter and, when necessary, to defeat any threat to our essential interests. There are certain circumstances in which the President should consider ordering the use of force: when our vital interests or clear commitments are at stake; when we have clear, achievable objectives, and when there is strong support and a solid commitment from the Congress, our allies, and most important of all, the American people."

H. Ross Perot: "I have a keen understanding of what war is. It is not an athletic contest. . . . First, commit the nation, then you commit the troops."



Jerry Brown: "We ought to have a policy that encourages the maximum level of human development and freedom and respect for tradition. I would do everything I could to bring together parties that are so far apart and so different as the people there are in the Middle East, Israel, and its Arab neighbors. . . . [We've] got to be tough, we've got to be prepared, but we also have to [strive] to create a more human world in which to live."

George Bush: "Clearly, the U.S. has a disproportionate responsibility when it comes to helping secure the world. I would not call it the world's policeman, because there are certain areas where we wouldn't be in a position to act or want to act. But we have a disproportionate responsibility for the freedom and the security of various countries. . . . I am not willing to sacrifice American lives. . . . I do not want to see one kid lose his life."



Pat Buchanan: "What vital interest of ours is threatened by Iraq's control of Kuwait? . . . Americans need to start asking basic questions before barging into other people's neighborhoods, and involving ourselves in other people's quarrels. . . . Deed NATO over to the Europeans. . . . Narrow the Monroe Doctrine to the north coast of South America, the Caribbean, Mexico, Central America. . . . The game could go by default to America First."

ALL PHOTOS WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, EXCEPT PEROT: GLOBE PHOTOS

FILA
FOOTWEAR USA

FREE*
CD OFFER

Fila presents
Between a Flower and a Chainsaw

Caroline's Summer Sampler CD
Ten tracks from five of the world's best new bands.

WALT MINK
progressive power trio attack
DIM STARS
punk brilliance
SNATCHES OF PINK
haunting emotional firepower
REVOLVER
neo-guitar pop
DROP NINETEENS
beautiful sonic melee

Look for your CAROLINE discount coupon in each CD, redeemable at CAMELOT music stores

Send check or money order for $2.50 payable to:
"SPIN/FILA OFFER"
c/o Music Marketing Group
621 Shrewsbury Avenue
Shrewbury, NJ 07702

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____

Offer void outside of the United States.
Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

remember the beginnings. Remember when they called you a dago, a wop, a guinea, a greaseball. Do you remember that? How do you think it would be now if, having survived all that, having made it, having made it better than a lot of other people, we get to a point where we start calling people spics? How would you like to call somebody a nigger? Right? They used to call you a wop, right? Now you've made it, now you're sitting there with the brocade and the tuxedos, and you start talking about those goddamned spics, those chinks, those gooks."

SPIN: How did they take that?

Cuomo: Now, I'm an Italian, and I'm talking to Italians. And I would not have been the least surprised if some of them started saying, "This is an outrage," you know, and gotten up and just walked out. I said, "What I'm saying is, we have a magnificent opportunity. Nobody knows the pain more than we do. We weren't enslaved the way the black people were. But we were hurt over and over and over again. Look at the opportunity we have now: to take that lesson and to teach it by behaving toward the new seekers, the new strugglers, showing them a generosity we never got." I said, "What are we best at? Love. I'm not talking about romantic love, but we're pretty good at that, too. What we're best at: love. We're best at communicating it. We should set new records for love by showing the world how to behave toward one another. Why the hell not?" Well, the place went crazy, they went, "Ahhhhhhh." You know, I wanted to cry just seeing their reaction because that was the perfect reaction. That was the most effective speech—no, strike that—the most satisfying speech, I've ever given.

SPIN: Why would you not want to make an exception and run for President? Because that's exactly the kind of inspiring leadership that this country absolutely needs and absolutely isn't going to get in this election.

Cuomo: Because I had to do the [New York State] budget. See, people just toss that off. They didn't know, they don't know the significance: "What does he mean, he has to do the state budget? The federal government is more important than the state. Go to the federal government, that'll take care of the state government." It wasn't like that. If I had run on December 20, which was the last day [to file for the New Hampshire primary], the Republicans would have killed the budget here. We would not have had a budget on time. All the borrowings we do would have become junk paper. This state would have been devastated. I tried explaining it to the politicians, to the press here, and they never helped me really communicate it. People still say, I wonder if he's got something in his background, which doesn't bother me as much as it used to.

SPIN: When we told people that we were coming to see you, they all said tell him to run, we want to vote for him. The people at SPIN are all intrigued by you because they sense you're inspiring, and I guess it's a shame you can't be involved in this election. Would you accept the vice-presidential nomination if they—

Cuomo: They'd never consider me for Vice President.

SPIN: Why not?

Cuomo: I don't fit politically. Clinton is a governor. He'll need somebody like Bill Bradley. He'll need somebody he can sell on foreign policy. Because they'll come after him eventually on foreign policy. Bradley, I think, is perfect for him: northeastern, not-wacky liberal—very intelligent, very well-respected. There is another element too. You see, it's very flattering to hear that, and it's nice to hear people say that, but that shouldn't be confused with my believing it. You know, I don't perceive myself quite the same way. There are plenty of ways to get inspiration. There are plenty of people who can do it. I have always had difficulty thinking of myself as so good I ought to be running for president, and I'm not, you know, I'm a very objective, very practical guy. But, anyway, that's all academic now.

"The one thing the Republicans did best was beat people in wars—including 44 guys in sneakers in Grenada."

SPIN: Has President Bush sold the American dream out from underneath us? Have 12 years of Reagan and Bush depleted the life savings of this country and made its future insecure?

Cuomo: As we have lost our economic dominance, the sure promise of the American dream—built by the power of our ideas and industries, sustained by strong hands and bright minds—has dissipated gradually. If we lose that vision of the American dream, we lose the nation as we have known it. I think it's clear most Americans have come to understand this bitter truth. It concerns, saddens, and angers them. Americans want back the right to earn their own bread and security, and even a chance at comfort and to pass on that dream as it was passed to them. All we've gotten from Washington is a denial of the nation's economic weakness. This recession is more damaging than anything we have experienced in the past. Even after this recession ends, the excesses and short-sightedness of the Reagan-Bush era will leave us falling further behind our global competitors because the nation's economic wound is closer to the heart. We are strangled by debt—it took us 200 years to accumulate one trillion dollars in debt and 12 short years to triple it under Reagan-Bush. Unless Washington changes its thinking and its policies, the majority of Americans can expect living standards to decline, while the gulf between the rich and the

Continued on page 84

Some See It As A Way Out. Others See It As A Way Up.

For some, winning is the only way.

Whatever it takes to get there.

When you're ready to start playing,

instead of playing around.

Fila FX100 basketball shoes.

FILA

FILA® FOOTWEAR USA

FILA FOOTWEAR USA• HEADQUARTERS • HUNT VALLEY, MD 21031 FILA® IS A TRADEMARK OF FILA SPORT S p.A , BIELLA, ITALY.

Photo By Michael Ward

western beat happening

He's a little bit country. He's a little bit rock'n'roll. Jimmie Dale Gilmore, the cybernetic sweetheart of the rodeo, talks with ALEC FOEGE.

BEING A MEMBER OF AN ORTHODOX CHURCH OR AN ESTABlished, ritualized religion is the very same as belonging to a motorcycle gang," says Jimmie Dale Gilmore over lunch at a slick, downtown New York eatery, basking in a rare moment of self-approbation. "The idea is, you're going to dress correctly, you're going to say the right phrases, you're going to say the password—" His West Texas twang, a reedy tenor that resonates from his Adam's apple, barely penetrates the SoHo din. "Eventually, it literally ends up in warfare." With the wisdom of a sage and the glint of a shaman, Gilmore skirts country-and-western stereotypes from the minute he opens his mouth.

Born in 1945 in Lubbock, Texas, Buddy Holly's hometown, Gilmore made his first trip to Austin in the early '60s while still in high school. Back again a few years later, with Lubbock pals Joe Ely and Butch Hancock, Gilmore formed a pickup group called the Flatlanders, which released one album in 1972 (originally available in only one format—eight-track tape). Between then and 1988, when Gilmore came out with his first of two solo albums for the HighTone label, *Fair & Square*, the years were filled with performing, studying Eastern philosophy with a Hindu teacher, reading and writing, and messing around with personal computers. Gilmore is country music's bona fide urban cowboy.

"Jimmie is probably more well-read than most Rhodes scholars," says Joe Ely, who produced *Fair & Square*, "but it's kind of in a gypsy way." Ely, who first came to national prominence opening for the Clash's 1977 U.S. tour, credits Gilmore, three years his senior, with turning him on to music he wouldn't have discovered himself. "He's the best country singer alive on this planet today."

Although the Austin, Texas, cognoscenti have long claimed Gilmore as their kin, he's relatively unknown in both the rock and country worlds. "Austin's got the Texas down-home thing, but it's also very sophisticated," says Gilmore, trying to shed light on the crucible for his free-thinking brand of "Commie" country. While Gilmore has been compared favorably to Hank Williams and Willie Nelson, the Nashville country establishment has historically shunned his ilk—singer-songwriters who eschew traditional values and conservative politics for the intellectual perks of a more contemplative experience.

"I kept up with the philosophical implications of the information revolution," he says. "I've studied [architect-philosopher] Buckminster Fuller for a very long time and the *Whole Earth Catalog* stuff. I had a Sinclair computer in 1982, before it was the thing."

Talk of geodesic domes and chaos theories hardly seems the stuff real country music is made of. Yet during any given conversation, Gilmore might punctuate a point with a quote from Bucky Fuller, British historian Arnold Toynbee, or poet-visionary William Blake. He also cites Philip K. Dick, William Gibson, and Henry Miller as literary muses. Not what one would expect from the man who wrote the line "I thank the Lord that a loser can sometimes win."

Gilmore's third album, *After Awhile*, allowed him to stray beyond the grassy paddocks of the roots-revival movement. One of five albums released last year to initiate Elektra Nonesuch's American Explorer Series, its success garnered Gilmore a four-album deal with Elektra proper. The album's opening cut, "Tonight I Think I'm Gonna Go Downtown," is the quintessential nomad's anthem, a bone-dry paean to dashed hopes and dusty roads. "After Awhile," the title track, puts the roll back into rock—its easy lilt and *Hotel California* guitar hook epitomize the "Western Beat," a tag Austin's style of country earned last year at the Montreux Jazz Festival. "'These Blues,' which sounds like the most old-fashioned of all my songs, I wrote on my Apple IIc," says Gilmore. "Sometimes, I would sit with the acoustic guitar on my lap at the keyboard."

Having toured with talents as diverse as country naïf Marty Brown and faux folk naïf Bob Dylan, who watched his opening act's set every night of the eight dates they played together last fall ("I'm told he never does that," he avers), Gilmore is the stranger in every crowd. "I had never even heard of Jimmie," says Brown. "But I played his tape for my mom, and she said, 'I know his voice, I've seen his video.' All kinds of people like it. It's the real deal—it ain't no mush."

After a number of months on the road, Gilmore is currently back in Austin preparing for his next album, catching up with Janet, his third wife, and enjoying the company of his seven-month-old granddaughter. "There used to be this pinball machine in a bowling alley back in Lubbock when I was a kid," he recalls. "It read across the top, TRY YOUR LUCK AT A GAME OF SKILL. I think life's like that—the music business, too. It's hackneyed, but lots of the most trite stuff is trite because it's real, because it's ever-present." ◉

MICHAEL HALBERSTADT

Lonesome cowboy Jimmie Dale Gilmore, *right*, hazards yet another wager with fickle fate.

WORDS FROM THE FRONT

AIDS

For many runaways and other kids on the street, selling their bodies is the only way to survive. And AIDS is just another occupational hazard. DAVID THEIS reports.

Mike" isn't the real name of the slim, muscular young man who fidgets as he talks about his life as a hustler, looking away from his questioners in the dimly lighted Houston apartment. But his Southern Baptist family, he says, "would hang me from that light pole, and in a heartbeat" if they knew what kind of life he was living, so anonymity is a precondition to his speaking. He's been reciting a litany of bad luck, self-inflicted and otherwise, that he's suffered the last four years or so. First he "fucked up" a possible college baseball scholarship in Mississippi, then a career as a salesman, so now he's reduced to living as a male prostitute in the Montrose, an inner-city neighborhood of Houston which has the most active gay scene in Texas. "I ain't proud of it," he says as he squirms in his chair. "But I wasn't going to sleep on the concrete no more—no fucking way."

Mike is making his confessions to Dr. Joseph A. Kotarba, professor of sociology at the University of Houston. Kotarba leads a team of four researchers, which is the recipient of a National Institute on Drug Abuse grant to research the "everyday life of homeless and runaway youth," as their questionnaire puts it. They pay the kids $20 to answer a series of questions such as "What do you do all day?" and "Why did you run away?" Kotarba is a specialist in the sociology of health, and he is particularly interested in studying the impact of the AIDS epidemic on street kids, and how aware they are of the dangers they face as prostitutes and drug users.

With his middle-age and middle-class appearance, Kotarba, 45, doesn't altogether blend in with the streets. In fact, people who see him at the local McDonald's, engaged in intense conversation with kids who are probably recognized as hustlers, might mistake him for a john. On the other hand, his look is just hard enough (a little like Frank Furillo, the tough, gum-chewing detective character on *Hill Street Blues*) to let someone mistake him for one of the men who offers the nicer-looking boys stardom in the gay porno world that Mike says he's about to enter. Mike rhythmically slaps the arms of his chair when he talks about his upcoming skin flick.

Mike is constantly on the make for a ticket out of his life. Often enough, drugs—"everything but heroin" (this includes crack)—have been the escape route from his better memories of his criminal father, and the ways he's let down his mother, a bartender in Louisiana. Not to mention memories of the 19-year-old's own son, whom he ran out on when he couldn't stand his girlfriend anymore. "I just said *fuck it* and left" is the most repeated line in his life story. Now he sees the money he can make in porno as his ticket out, apparently around $5,000 for a few days work in California. He wants to get $10,000 together, say *fuck it* one last time, go back to college, and reclaim his son, who has his name and his brown eyes, too. He repeats this several times.

Kotarba's team and Mike are meeting on this particular night in Casey Martinez's apartment, right on the edge of the Montrose. Casey himself is a veteran of the Montrose scene. Now, as a researcher, he is invaluable when it comes to finding young hustlers and getting them to talk to the sociologists. He spotted Mike in M.R.'s, a bar at the bottom of the hustler spectrum, and with the promise of $20, brought him into his apartment for the interview.

The interview completed, Mike has taken his $20 and hurried off to one of the bars so that he can recoup some of the money he blew over the weekend impressing a young woman he'd just met. Casey, Kotarba, and the other researchers, grad student Darlene Hurt and methodologist Jay Johnson, huddle to assess his testimony. They agree that in some ways Mike doesn't fit the street-kid profile they've begun to work up, based on some 50 interviews. At 19, he's a little older than the norm. Most of the kids they've talked to are in their teens and some have been as young as ten. Also, he's not local. At one time, sociologists believed that there was a nationwide circuit of nomadic runaways. But Kotarba now says that most of the kids they've interviewed are from the Houston area, and "the vast majority are from Texas." Some do go to California, the hustlers' paradise, or to Florida, but most tend to stay near home.

Surprisingly, many kids even keep some sort of contact with home, and sometimes go back and forth between there and Montrose. African-American and Latino kids, in particular, don't make complete breaks. They tend to drift from one relative to another, then to the streets, and then back and forth again. Anglo kids like Mike are "the classic runaways."

Like many of the young men they've interviewed, Mike most emphatically says he's heterosexual. His arrival on the bar scene six months ago, broke and desperate for food and a roof, was his first real contact with gays. You sense that he's swallowed a lot of tough-guy pride since.

Mike fits the profile in the most important ways. Like other street kids, he adores his mother ("She's strictly legit," he says. "I wish I had the money to pay her back for all the times she's had to bail me out") and he despises his father. Like the other kids, Mike has dreams for the future which the researchers doubt, unfortunately, that he'll ever realize. In

answer to the question, "What will you be doing in five years?" many kids answer that they'll be married and have kids. Some say they'll be doctors.

Like most other young hustlers, Mike separates his intimate and professional sex lives in a way that is as escapist as his plans for the future. He knows all about AIDS, but he isn't worried. He's not usually on the receiving end of another man's semen. Most hustlers, girls especially, insist on condoms for the john. But once the day is done, and the young hustlers pair up with each other, condoms are out of the question. "They're for work" is the standard line.

Martinez shakes his head at their reasoning. "The johns are mostly professional men. Lots of them are doctors. They usually don't have sex more than once a day. The hustlers' boyfriends and girlfriends (who engage in sex usually five times a day) are much more likely to be infected than the johns."

Martinez again speaks for the group when he assesses the hustlers' attitude toward AIDS. The team analyzes the hustlers' AIDS risk levels. In "especially the older ones, the 17- and 18-year-olds," do escape the streets.

After this research phase of his work, Kotarba hopes his team will be funded to perform AIDS intervention. He hopes to set up an office in the Montrose. "We figure if you hit them with a comprehensive package—AIDS 101, self-esteem, how to manage practical situations, they'll have a chance to actually change behavior."

He thinks that rock music can be the key to reaching them. Kotarba teaches a sociology of rock'n'roll course at the university, and he uses his up-to-date references to communicate. "They light up when we ask about music," he says. In fact, the last page of the questionnaire is devoted to the topic. "Rock music is their single most important source of meaning. When they run away, they'll take their Walkman and their cassettes."

Metallica is a particular favorite. Surprisingly, the metal band's appeal cuts across racial lines. "The streets are the great American melting pot," observes Kotarba, amused to find African-American kids saying,

matters sexual, the risk is considerable. Speaking with a calm control of the facts, Martinez says, "Sex is survival. Sex is business. AIDS is a problem. Like in any business, you just have to work around your problems. Hustlers live in danger. AIDS is just one more danger."

Kotarba agrees, then proceeds with the grim facts: "You get $50 to give anal intercourse with a condom. A hundred without." He shrugs.

On the darkness of Mike's future, the group's members are unanimous. As hard as the streets are, they are also addicting. Mike himself used the word. The streets offer more money than the kids have ever seen. Never mind that the kids probably spend it all the same night they make it. And there's so much action. Mike seemed the most self-delusional when he talked about holding down a real job, after his porno stint. He's obviously excited by the fact that he's considered a hot item in the bars and by the fact that his life is of such interest to college researchers. Right now, he is somebody. By the time he isn't, he'll be too wasted, too used up, to leave. Finally, the kids quickly come to look on the streets as "home." That's how they typically refer to Montrose. The hustlers consider each other family. Johnson quotes a worker in the Children's Protective Services of Houston: "After two weeks on the streets, they're lost for good."

This is pretty grim stuff, but Kotarba maintains a certain optimism. The fact that the kids can refer to each other as family shows that in some basic human way, they are not totally corrupted. Despite the grim conclusions of the two-week assessment, he maintains that some kids, "Awesome," and listening to Metallica and Guns N' Roses—Axl Rose's racism and all. He doesn't think that songwriters necessarily need to begin dealing explicitly with AIDS in their lyrics. It's enough that their music is about how hard life is for teenagers.

Kotarba refers in particular to the Metallica song, "Enter Sandman." For middle-class kids, this song can be dismissed as a Freddy Krueger–style goof. But street kids recognize the song's nightmare as being their own, right down to the video's violent end, in which the dreaming teenager is killed in his bed. When asked if the song's reality isn't off-putting for down-and-out kids, Kotarba disagrees. The horror of the song feels familiar to them, and "they get a confirmation that they're not crazy, and that they're not to blame."

Kotarba also finds value in exactly the kind of music that the censors are most eager to restrict. When someone like Ozzy Osbourne sings about suicide, Kotarba says, the kids don't take it as an invitation to kill themselves, but rather as a way to understand why their friends might have done so. Kotarba is most encouraged by the kids' response to the 1984 Van Halen song "Jump."

One might think of "Jump" itself as an invitation to commit suicide, to jump out the window. But most "troubled kids" find the song playful—an invitation to "jump" like kids. This reading of rock songs may not sound like much cause for optimism in the face of AIDS and the other hazards of the street. But, as Kotarba says, "They won't turn around and become middle-class citizens. But they do the best they can."

DIANA CRAFT

Plant it

nurture it

watch it grow

charisma

pointblank

© 1992 CHARISMA RECORDS AMERICA, INC.

MOVING IMAGES

Hello, Betty Lou

While he probably won't throw a scare into the John Hughes movie machine, director Allan Moyle has gearshifted into his most productive and prolific period. With the release of his upcoming *The Gun in Betty Lou's Handbag*, he will have had his name on two films released in the same decade. His '80s output began and ended with 1980's *Times Square*—the misconceived punk *Saturday Night Fever*, the shooting of which was reportedly so traumatic that it caused the director's hair to fall out. Following that calamity, Moyle spent the next ten years living the beautiful life of a screenwriter-for-hire, making obscene amounts of money with the minimum amount of effort. "It's not high art," he admits. "No matter how crazy or specific the screenplay is, you can find a piece of dialogue from the coffee shop you're sitting in and exploit it. You can go watch a movie and get ideas from that because it's all theft."

In 1990, Moyle returned as *auteur* with *Pump Up the Volume*. Masturbation, teen suicide, Leonard Cohen, and Christian Slater's screen-chomping performance all coalesced into one of the Last Great Teen Movies. "When we were making it, I kept saying, 'Can we please make a movie that will offend somebody?' " Moyle says. "It was far worse when I started it, before I was forced to delete a lot of things. My first draft of that movie was a guy sitting there announcing his own suicide and planning it in such gleeful detail that you sensed he was never going to get around to it. The whole premise of his show was, Stay tuned, folks—tonight might be the night. People felt that was too depressing." *Volume* stalled at the box office. Moyle attributes its big-screen failure mainly to the title. "It was a turnoff. I wanted to call it *Talk Hard*, but they thought that was too sleazy."

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN asks Allan Moyle, writer and director of *Pump Up the Volume*, about *The Gun in Betty Lou's Handbag*.

Hot on that film's heels—by his previous standards—comes *The Gun in Betty Lou's Handbag*. There's this small-town librarian (Penelope Ann Miller), repressed, depressed, and oppressed; taken advantage of by friends, relatives, and her policeman husband. He's on a murder case. She, by a wild plot-serving coincidence, finds the murder weapon. No one believes this little mousewife. So, in order to get people's attention, she confesses to the murder. "And, as they say in Hollywood, 'That's when the fun begins,' " Moyle enthuses. "As the confessed murderer, her life changes radically, people treat her differently. She's thrown in jail and finds she's having a lot of fun and meeting some interesting people. It's a device to have an empowerment movie. The film it's closest to is *Thelma & Louise*."

The head-turner of a cast includes powerhouse women Cathy Moriarty and Alfre Woodard, newcomer Eric Thal ("He's got that sexy, affable, small-town, nice-guy thing") as Mr. Betty Lou, and no-neck William Forsythe as the Bad Guy. Faced with such stiff competition, can sweet little Penelope Ann Miller, known for her expertise in portraying varying shades of demure, hold her own? "I didn't know her work until I saw a tape of her astounding performance in *Our Town*. She came in and screen-tested and won the role off some very strong competition. That's a nice story when someone wins a role by merit. She's sweet at the beginning, but then she becomes a warrior, and she's got a lot more colors in this movie than you've seen her play before. It's her big film and she carries it on her slender shoulders with panache and verve. I think you'll be surprised by how good she is. No, I don't think you'll be surprised—you'll be impressed. It's a comedy, but it's not like a bunch of gags. It's a story with some funny moments and some serious ones. What would you call *Pump Up the Volume*?"

A twisted teen-angst comedy melodrama? "That's gorgeous. Well, this is a twisted librarian-angst comedy melodrama."

BOB MARSHAK

Penelope Ann Miller: "Is that a gun in your handbag, or are you just glad to see me?"

COMING ATTRACTIONS

MOVING IMAGES

LAUREN OLIVER takes a trip to *Cool World*, the new part-animation, part-live-action movie by Ralph Bakshi.

A Different World

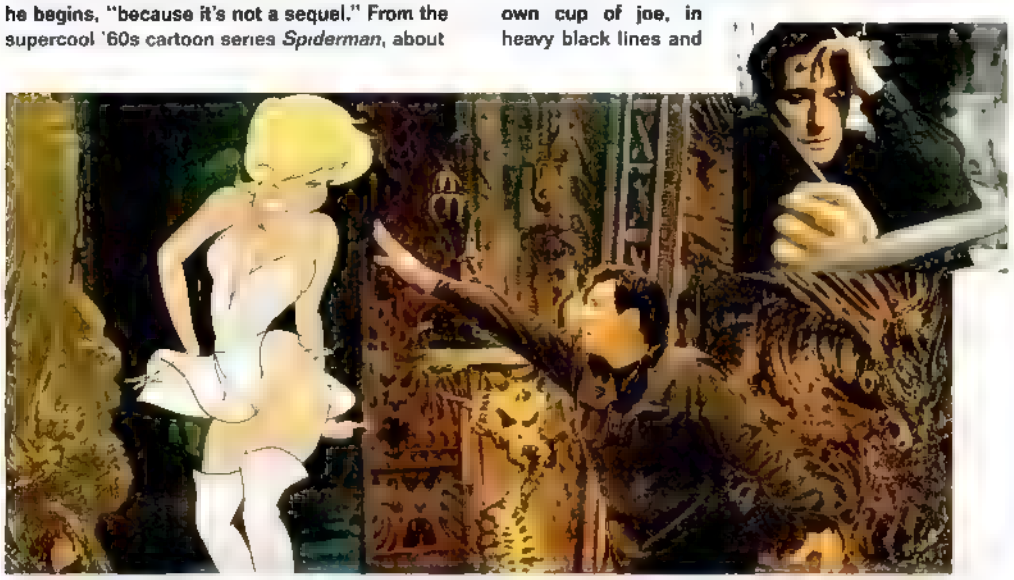
Cool World—the new film from Ralph Bakshi, master cartoon-art provocateur, is a valentine from the underground, which will be mesmerizing audiences across America this summer. Remember the scene in *Wayne's World* when Garth asks Wayne whether he was ever attracted to Bugs Bunny dressed as a girl bunny? Wait till Garth gets a load of Holli Would. That's Kim Basinger, cast as a sexy figment of ink, pigment, and imagination who springs off a comic-book artist's drawing board all flesh and blood and lipstick. The movie gets hot and sticky when she falls for the artist (Gabriel Byrne), and an agent from the two-dimensional world (Brad Pitt) chases after her. The cardinal rule of *Cool World* is Noids (us) and Doodles (them) don't date—media mustn't mingle.

Chain-smoking and amiable, Ralph Bakshi took a break from deadline-racing at his Burbank animation studio to offer a sneak preview of the film. "It's different from other films this summer," he begins, "because it's not a sequel." From the supercool '60s cartoon series *Spiderman*, about the man with radioactive blood, to *Mighty Mouse. The New Adventures*, a satirical, hallucinogenic send-up of the original, to *Fritz the Cat*, the first feature-length cartoon to be slapped with an X-rating, Bakshi has continually shoved the possibilities of the medium toward the future. "There you had a network that was dying to do something different, having *Mighty Mouse* on Saturday morning and every young adult in the country wanting to see it. I was begging to put *Mighty Mouse* on at night."

Brooklyn-born Bakshi cut his teeth on the sharp sidewalks of New York City in the '50s, when jazz and art and all attendant vice mingled down in the Village. His interest was pen and brush and paper, and it was all uphill from there. "The early days were very hard. So many cartoonists themselves in the animation business were outraged at me attempting to do this sort of thing. So much of the public thought I was a pornographer. The animation medium was considered infantile. Theaters were burned down in the old days. My mother was thrown out of the B'nai B'rith because her son did this."

Cool World is very much painted from Bakshi's own cup of joe, in heavy black lines and melted crayon colors you won't find in the big box of 64. The dark cityscape looks like Ridley Scott's vision of Los Angeles in *Blade Runner*: a sooty, grimy, java-driven hallucination of New York City, roiling with charcoal-scrawled anarchy—and underscored by a rich roast of urban sounds. Bakshi updated his bebop sensibility with industrial and ambient sounds from the dance floor and yowls of reverb guitar noise—Dizzy Gillespie and Charles Mingus alongside Jane's Addiction.

"*Cool World* is very personal. Two people get lost in a cartoon world. In a sense, it's just a conflict between the real world and the cartoon world—the same conflict I've always had."



Artist and model: *Far left*, Ralph Bakshi directs Holli Would. *Inset*, Bakshi at work. Holli Would, *left*: This time, Kim Basinger's deliberately playing a cartoon.

STUDIO SHOT BY MERRICK MORTON.

WE DO IT DEEPER

. . . straight down to a different world! Water resistant to 656 feet.
The '92 Swatch Scuba 200 Collection . . .
because a different world calls for a different watch.
Suggested retail price $50.00

swatch
SCUBA 200

©1992 Swatch® is owner of SMH (US) Inc.

TAINTING A MIRAGE

Whenever those Cuervo makes an appearance, you know the party's going to take off. Just mix a few pitchers of margaritas with a few of your favorite people and look out. This party's ready to get real.

In case you've been stranded on the desert island long before now. Start with Cuervo Gold and add Cuervo Margarita Mix. Your choice. Have a fiesta.

DREAMING AMERICA

BY SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT

James Baldwin was dead, and I was going uptown in New York to meet Ralph Ellison. I'd spent the evening before reading Michael Jackson's atrocious autobiography, *Moonwalk*, while an envelope in my box announced the release of a book by Cosby's TV son. And of course, there'd be an afterword by Dr. Alvin J. Poussaint. As I climbed the subway stairs at 135th Street, I could hear the cut-and-scratch of Public Enemy jumping from car speakers speeding by: "Don't don't don't don't don't believe the hype." Then the pathetic wail that follows. I crossed Broadway and turned down Riverside, still hearing the speakers blast.

I found Ellison's name on the lobby register: It read RALPH ELLISON in small block letters. How could he live this openly? I wondered, considering J.D. Salinger's New Hampshire digs or Gore Vidal's villa in the Italian hills. I guess I just assumed that he would be an invisible man, shackled off somewhere to complete his novel 30 years in progress.

He wasn't invisible. He opened the door and smiled affably, invitingly even, apologizing for the disarray of his apartment. We stood there, divided by the threshold—uptown, old-school literati facing downtown black aesthetic upstart. He smiled again. I handed him what I had come to hand him. He shook my hand, suggested a later meeting, then politely closed the door.

Don't, something said in my inner ear, don't believe the hype.

IT WAS ABOUT 8:00 OR 9:00 P.M., AND I WAS SITTING ON A cold metal chair in the dance-floor area of the old Ritz in New York watching Run-D.M.C. film a concert sequence of its movie *Tougher Than Leather*. As the director, an overstuffed-looking man with dark stringy hair in a T-shirt and jeans, called shots and led extras through their paces, I looked around the makeshift set. The Ritz usually hosted small bands and dance concerts; the ballroom arena now held, instead of throngs of screaming fans, movie-set people: mulling extras, publicity folk, a crew of sound people in headphones, and members of various entourages, all seemingly interchangeable on close inspection. We were atmosphere, I suppose.

Rick Rubin, coproducer of Run-D.M.C. and cofounder of Def Jam Records (the conglomerate responsible for today's shenanigans), was darting across the stage, consoling the bored-looking cast and crew, swigging from a coffee mug, just looking busy. He looked nervous, too; this was the last day of a long, drawn-out shoot. He pointed to a man behind a hulking console and said, "Sound." Suddenly the auditorium was swamped in noise: "Beats to the Rhyme," the best song on the *Tougher Than Leather* soundtrack. The extras—boys in hightops and carefully constructed boxcuts; light-skinned, extensioned girls—began to dance, eager for camera time, smiling. Then the stars made their entrance.

They were in black—of course. D.M.C. toted a bottle of Old English "800" malt liquor, which he carelessly plopped down onto Jam Master Jay's console. Bad move, I think, since the prerecorded playback didn't skip a beat. This sloppy maneuver went unnoticed as Run grabbed his mike, and then his crotch, and began to lip-sync. But it's all wrong. The antics seem plastic, forced, not like the budding B-boy days of "Sucker M.C.s" and "Rock Box." This is post-Aerosmith Run-D.M.C. If the big-sounding AOR groove hasn't affected the music too adversely, the stadium-style success has affected the men behind the music: The two rappers, always so seemingly spontaneous and fun, came off now as Professionals, Doing the Job, Putting on the Show.

"Cut," screamed Rubin. The girls and boys stopped whipping and formed little snack-eating cliques along the bar counter masquerading as a buffet. D.M.C. and Jam Master Jay exited stage right. But Run sat on the edge of the stage, about 20 feet from me, and waved over Russell Simmons, his brother, the other cofounder of Def Jam, and orchestrator of the Run-D.M.C. machine. Run whined something about being tired and wanting something to eat. He wanted to go. Russell said something to him, then went to speak to a publicist. Run continued to rest on the stage's lip. He'd made eye contact with me several times during the shoot, at one time, directing his lip syncing my way, and the fan in me responded with ecstatic goose bumps. This time, he looked at me and shook his head, as if to say, Brother, it's tough, I'm sick of this shit. He smiled and I smiled back, thinking, I am, too, and, It must be hard to be a professional B-boy.

He looked at me and shook his head, as if to say, Brother it's tough. I smiled back, thinking, It must be hard to be a professional B-boy.

"Okay," Rubin yelled, and places were taken again. Run didn't get his asked-for meal yet. Shooting soon resumed. And this would be the last setup, Rubin assured everyone, including us hangers-on, the makeshift crowd of fans Run-D.M.C. must lip-sync to.

Afterward, I introduced myself to Run. I smiled, he smiled. He looked at my friend and nodded, recognizing him, I assumed, from Chung King House of Metal, where Seiji was an assistant engineer while Run-D.M.C. recorded there.

"I'll give you an interview when the movie comes out," Run said, standing next to a limo outside. D.M.C. had gotten into a sports car across 11th Street. "It'll be def," Run said, and got into the limo.

I watched it turn down Fourth Avenue. Professional B-boy.

ANASTASIA VASILAKIS

tracy chapman
matters of the heart

SPINS

REVIEWS
EDITED BY
LAUREN
SPENCER

STEVEN DANA

PLATTER DU JOUR

THE B-52'S

Good Stuff

Reprise

During "Tell It Like It T-I-Is," the first track on the B-52's new disc *Good Stuff*, Fred Schneider lays it on the line clear and simple: "Seems like things are getting so bad you can smell it," he sings. That message is followed with a sincere and hearty pinched-nose "*Wee-whooo!*"

Kate Pierson then rallies to the cause with "I'm spinning to the rhythm of the earth and the ocean. . . . / Can you feel the movement?" Her vocals explode with a force as big as the mile-high bouf coiffed on her head. Put up your antennae and tune in, the B-52's urge in this cathartic funfest. It's the same expand-yer-horizons message they've been doling out for years now, with one major exception—it's finally caught on. Instead of singing to a private Idaho full of the funny-haired and otherwise disenfranchised, these onetime cult heroes unexpectedly and swiftly snapped up the globe as their own personal love shack. *Cosmic Thing*, indeed.

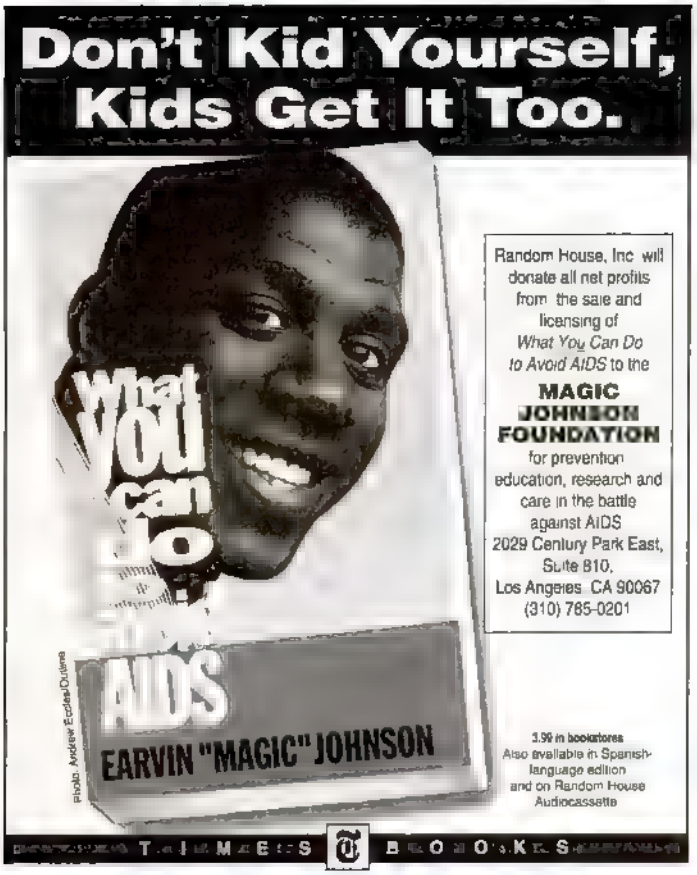
On *Good Stuff*, produced by Don Was and Nile Rodgers, the B's invite everyone to wig out once again. RSVP right away for cuts such as "T-I-Is" and "Revolution Earth." The guest list includes Hare Krishnas on sitar and percussion for one track ("Dreamland"), and a green-tailed towhee and red-bellied woodpecker doing vocals and percussion on another. This is a world party, remember.

It would be a way wild bash if only the whole disc turned as smoothly as the world they envision. But the words "movement" and "vision" pop up so many times you begin to wonder whom to make out the checks to. If the B's had backed these ideas with some kind of urgency, this would be no major problem, but songs like "Breezin' " and "Vision of a Kiss" drift along, carrying some . . . gosh . . . swell messages, but without the roughage and hooks to hold a listener's interest.

Good Stuff was doubtless a tough record for the cosmic crew, coming on the heels of their megahit last album, and in the wake of Cindy Wilson's unexpected—perhaps permanent—leave of absence. Wilson's omission is certainly noticeable, especially when you reach the chorus on "Good Stuff," the first single, and the trademark dissonant harmonizing between Pierson and Wilson is washed over for some Beach Boys–style harmony. Ugggh. Despite the missing harmonies, there are still classic new lines from Schneider such as "Supercalihalitosis / Ooh, that outfit's the absolute mostest."

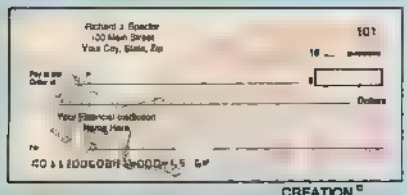
But the real good stuff on this disc, which is dedicated to "all of our brothers and sisters who are living with HIV," comes when the B-52's channel their energies and focus. Example: "Bad Influence," where Schneider rails out against "wide mouths with narrow minds," promising "If love's a grenade, I'll pull the pin." At the heart of this record is "Revolution Earth," a sensitive centerpiece that belies the louder campy come-ons with a stunning vocal performance by Kate Pierson, blanketed in lush, rolling melodies, ethereal synthesized sounds, accompanied by Keith Strickland's characteristic guitar groove. "We know that we're alive, if we weren't sure before," they sing; inspired and inspiring, it's the song of a world that's spinning in the B's favor.

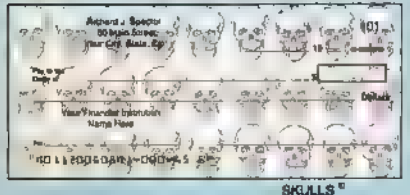
RAY ROGERS


Don't Kid Yourself, Kids Get It Too.
What you can do
AIDS
EARVIN "MAGIC" JOHNSON
Photo: Andrew Eccles/Dyslexia
Random House, Inc. will donate all net profits from the sale and licensing of What You Can Do to Avoid AIDS to the
MAGIC JOHNSON FOUNDATION
for prevention education, research and care in the battle against AIDS
2029 Century Park East, Suite 810, Los Angeles CA 90067
(310) 785-0201
3.99 in bookstores
Also available in Spanish-language edition and on Random House Audiocassette
TIMES BOOKS

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN

Exceptional Banknotes





PERSONAL CHECKS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO WORK AT ANY BANK!

ALL CODES AND INFORMATION WILL BE CORRECT AND CONFIDENTIAL! MONEY BACK IF NOT 100% SATISFIED!

FREE CHECK REGISTER, DEPOSIT SLIPS, AND *COOL* COVER WITH EACH ORDER.

Want to give these checks to an excellent good friend? R&G Banknote Gift Certificates are available. To order, give us a call. MC/Visa.

Personal Checks Designed For You, Not Your Mother.

TO ORDER
1) Please Enclose ORIGINAL ORDER FORM or VOIDED CHECK from your existing check supply.
2) Enclose a DEPOSIT SLIP from your existing check supply.
3) Enclose a check payable to R&G BANKNOTE.
4) Enclose completed ORDER FORM (below).
5) Mail these things to R&G BANKNOTE, P.O. BOX 150, M LFORD, NH 03055.

Any Questions or to Order Gift Certificates call Toll Free 1-800-354-4708

Name _____

Design _____
(Creation or Skulls)

Start my Checks with # _____
(If not specified, we will start your checks with #101)

Unless otherwise specified, order will be mailed to address printed on checks.

Qty.
____200 Single checks @ $18.00
____150 Duplicate checks @ $20.00
Rush Mail Delivery (Optional) $3.00
Total _____

Allow 3-4 weeks for free regular delivery

The Handy Omniscient SPIN Rating System

- = Go directly to your local record store. Buy this album. Immediately. Kill if you must.
- = Whoa! Slow down, pal. This album is pretty good, but you can't buy everything in the store. Can you?
- = Stop it. Put that down. Go buy something to eat instead. You have to eat, too, you know.

WILSON PHILLIPS

Shadows and Light

SBK/EMI

There's a point in every supposedly shallow artist's career curve when the welts caused by critical sticks and stones start to show, when accusations of banality, bimbosity, and homogeneity start to take on the tenor of a tinnitus tape loop. Around this time, choreographers, stylists, and hired-gun songsmiths begin readying their résumés, fully cognizant of the fact that their bread and butter will soon be giving conscience higher priority than conditioner.

On this, its second Range Rover ride to the bank, Wilson Phillips refrains from Scotch-taping bark to naked saplings and handing out soup to the roofless, saving its tears for the immediate family. "How can we be like enemies when we're only flesh and blood?" plead the Wilsons on "Flesh and Blood," a real little lip-trembler and inevitable No. 1, dedicated to their shambling twitchy wreck of a father: "What does it take to make your heart bleed? / Daddy, aren't we enough?" Not to be outdone, Chynna Phillips weighs in with "All the Way From New York," doling out hugs and rebukes to *her* haggard burnout of a dad. I found these two attempts to reknot untethered family ties to be so affecting that I picked up the phone and called my own old man, and even though he'd only cough up $600, I still felt that we were, you know, working things through.

A few other movie-of-the-week, big ratings-grabbers are "Where Are You?" about child abuse and "Alone," about postadolescent alienation. These are executed persuasively enough to convince you that if Jane Seymour, Lindsay Wagner, and Valerie Bertinelli ever formed a group, this is how they would sound. Then there's "Goodbye, Carmen." Sincere though it undoubtedly is, this sad song in which the girls wave farewell to their Latin-American housemaid is going to inspire mass chortles and carpet-chewing. Suitcase in hand, Maria Conchita Alonso trudges wearily down the pathway, away from the ranch house. On an impulse, she looks back. There, framed in the upstairs window, Chynna and Wendy wave a fond farewell. That blur in the background is probably Carnie.

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

URGE OVERKILL

Stull

Touch and Go

Looking over my album reviews of the past year or so, I'm dismayed at the wishy-washiness of some of my recommendations and criticisms. So let me begin by saying that the new Urge Overkill six-song EP is by several nautical miles the best record of the century. Better than *Queen II*, better than Def Leppard's *Hysteria*, better than *Rude Buddha Goes to Church*, even. Better than the soundtrack to *Saturday Night Fever*, but not by much.

Better, too (though I can almost hear the Urge boys cringe), than almost any Neil Diamond, whose "Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon" is presented here in a clean and tender Urge-ified version, all ropy guitars, sultry vocals, and "sensitive" piano (courtesy of producer Kramer). "Stull (Part 1)," the EP's centerpiece, concerning a town in, I think, Kansas, that's supposed to be the center of the world or America or something and a focal point for all sorts of nasty satanic-type forces, may well be the finest chunk of Urge music yet recorded.

Other highlights are the full-throttle cover of the Alan Millman Sect's punk

rock gem "Stitches" and fiddled-with versions of the band's 1991 Sub Pop sides. *Stull* presents a prodigiously talented band at the height of its powers. Look for it next to the frozen daiquiri mix at your local K-mart. (*Touch and Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625*)

JIM GREER

KMFDM
Money
Wax Trax

What made KMFDM's *Naïve* from 1990 the most fun "industrial dance" album ever had nothing to do with "ominousness" or "noise"—just the opposite, in fact. It was the best because it was the catchiest, the silliest, and had the sprightliest beats: lots of deep Teutonic post-PiL dub, though the track "Naïve" itself could almost have passed for genuine nonart diva-disco, what with that German girlie up front; and "Liebeslied" mixed gumball-factory beats with Enigma-type Gregorian chants. The tracks that seemed like Arnold Schwarzenegger rapping over matronix clatter about "peegy" banks didn't hurt, either. If you don't believe me, go ask Bono Vox—U2 drops KMFDM's name every chance it gets these days, and it's no coincidence that *Naïve* had a song called "Achtung!"

Unfortunately, these Aryans' new *Money* doesn't work quite as well. The problem's not rhythmic, exactly—if anything, the beats seem even more fluid than before. There's plenty of space in them. But KMFDM is concentrating on atmosphere now, not songs. So there are some neat little touches: Martian voices, blues guitars. "Vogue 2000" sounds like robots yelling bad words into the ocean. But the drone-y dinks barely coalesce into hooks, and the closest thing to a joke is some decadent guff about "Sex on the Flag." For atmosphere, I'll go with French stars like Jeanne Mas and Mylene Farmer, who use similar syncopation but have voices alive enough to make it pretty and creepy. Novelty bands should learn to stick to novelty.

CHUCK EDDY

YO YO
Black Pearl
EastWest/Atlantic

Yo Yo has already proven that she has the lyrical skills to pay the bills and the ability to come out harder than most male MCs—from battling Ice Cube to a standstill on his first album to filling her own debut (*Make Way for the Motherlode*) with motivational (tough-love) lyrics directed to the underrepresented girlz 'n the hood.

But now, with her second album (*Black Pearl*), it seems that she's either trying to expand her audience, sell out, buy in, or take the easy route to radio-play. Using the same tactics she was dissing on her first album, she puts the smooth riffs in effect and delivers songs that are surprisingly subdued, listener-friendly, and less hectic.

"Homegirl Don't Play Dat" is the only indication that she ever did hardcore jams like "Stompin' to the 90's," as she gets raw over noise-beats and gives sistas the rules about "how to survive in South Central." But this is the only real hard-hitter on the album. After that, her jams are dominated by gen-Erik fake funk, Paula Abdul-like choruses, and powerless, overwrought break-beats.

"So Funky" jacks a Big Daddy Kane loop (not exactly hardcore), while the title track's drums are buried in vibrant but inappropriate "happy rap" organs. "Cleopatra" is on that Jazzy Jeff "fantasy" tip as she talks about being a superheroine while urging her community to unite, and "Will U Be Mine" is a lovey-dovey ballad that finds her confessing that even R&B sellouts need love too.

While her messages are positive and counteract the "use-what-you-

It'll Send Little Shakes Down Your Spine

LITTLE EARTHQUAKES
TORI AMOS
The first solo album from a most provocative and compelling singer/songwriter. Features SILENT ALL THESE YEARS and CRUCIFY.
"Invigorating and consoling. Tori Amos has nothing to declare but her own genius." – MELODY MAKER

two voices, a guitar and a piano

everything but the girl
acoustic
prompted by performances in england, this acoustic collection captures the essence of their talent.
features cover versions of personal favorites like love is strange, downtown train and alison plus new interpretations of their own songs, including the hit driving.

WORLD BEAT

World Traveling

BY RICHARD GEHR

GREETINGS, CULTURAL nomads. This month's ear-bending excursion outside the eye of the Western pop hurricane begins in Sudan, a nearly landlocked country to the south of Egypt and to the west of Ethiopia that shares borders with a half-dozen other African nations. *The Merdoum Kings Play Songs of Love* (Shanachie), by the **Abdel Gadir Salim All-Stars**, depicts Sudan as a musical vortex of stirring local melodies, complex Arabic vocal ornamentation, and swaying African rhythms, including a delightful free-floating version of Sudanese reggae. Salim's spiritual identification with his homeland ("Your love has killed me, O Kordofan," he sings of his native province) inspires paroxysms of passion while the All-Stars recapitulate with stately swinging arrangements of violins, guitars, tablas, a chortling saxophone, and the leader's *oud* (an Arabic lute).

A few thousand miles away, in Indonesia, we find one of the world's most charming groups (ever) on a musical mission to repress such untoward passions, which is something of a shame insofar as the nine members of **Nasida Ria** are stone Javanese foxes. "Love makes you forget," sings Nurjanah on *Keadilan* (Piranha, available from Stern's USA). "Protect the love that is really proud and clean!" And what finer sexual sublimation could there be than Java's *qasidah* modern music, which updates century-old Arabic religious poetry with the Indian *filmi*'s sentimental Asianisms and the fuzzy, Ernie Isley–esque guitars of Javanese *dangdut*? *Keadilan* ("Justice") is just the 18th of Nasida Ria's 23 cassettes to date. If you run across the others, dupe a copy for me.

Hungarian legend **Márta Sebestyén** ditched the hurdy-gurdys and zithers of her traditional band Muzsikás to collaborate with composer **Károly Csereper** on a trio of theme records, one of which, *Christmas*, must rate as the most psychedelically lachrymose Yuletide disc ever (it was also censored by Hungary's Communists for crimes of "archaic superstition"). *Apocrypha* (Hannibal/Rykodisc) offers a selection of the duo's moody and disturbing songs about fragile love, Christmas, and the heartbreak of emigration that will stun you with their strength, simplicity, and otherworldly beauty. The droning flutes, violin, and electric bass sound as modern as the tunes are folkish and earthy.

Abdel Gadir Salim All-Stars.

After confronting the bleak realities of East European emotions, cheer up with *Zouk Creole Danse Parade* (R. Francis Entertainment, 1194 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11225). **Jean-Denis Sully** and **Radacal Lucie** prove that, contrary to popular belief, not all zouk albums sound like Kassav knockoffs (hell, even Kassav sounds that way nowadays). The French Antillean singers pull off some surprising variations on zouk's stuttering, thumping beat, glittering synthesizer swirls, and rabbit-punch horns. The altered vocals, soukous guitars, and unlikely song structures are unexpectedly goofy additions to a genre on the verge of aesthetic depletion (as though anyone other than jaded cultural nomads actually cared). I feel nostalgic for it already.

WONDERFUL WORLD

Henry Kaiser, David Lindley, and Various Artists, *A World Out of Time* (Shanachie); **Caetano Veloso,** *Circuladó* (Elektra Nonesuch); **Sweet Talks,** *Hollywood Highlife Party* (Popular African Music); **Various Artists,** *Tejano Roots* (Arhoolie); **Desmond Dekker,** *Rockin' Steady* (Rhino).

were-born-with-to-get-what-you-want" philosophy being spread by booty crews such as BWP and HWA, her tracks are a little too on the R&B.S. tip. Whatever energy she may have had appears to be lost as she falls victim to the sophomore slump and releases a pretty thin, flavorless, and nonthreatening collection of songs I'd expect from an L.L. or Kane.

ROBIN RO

THE POOH STICKS

The Great White Wonder

Zoo Entertainment

That interminable decade of tastelessness, the '70s, has a lot to answer for. Paunchy, balding rock demigods flogging dreadful concept albums; mile-wide flares; and the Eagles (see "paunchy," "balding," et cetera) were punishment enough, but our ignorance of history has doomed us to start the cycle of repetition with only one decade of respite in between.

Named for a children's game, the Pooh Sticks from Wales shamelessly wallow in the goofiest dreck of that misbegotten era—yup, the flares, the smiley faces, you name it—and somehow manage to make it as delectable as the squishably sweet bread their album title suggests.

As bubble gum as the Archies and as fuzzy as Neil Young (one track, "The Rhythm of Love," even cops Young's "Powderfinger" trademark guitar riff), *The Great White Wonder*'s songs bear titles that read like components of a Ronco's greatest-hits

package: "Sweet Baby James," "Desperado" (not them again!), "Good Times," and "I'm in You." Ah, but no covers, these. All are new standards inflected with the best moments of glitter heroes Sweet, boogie funksters Chic, and three-chord thrashers Sham 69. Oh yes, hints of Peter Frampton's goosy mush-rock surfaces every now and again, but hey, I grew up in the '70s and will admit to a certain nostalgia for old Framps—even if the Poohs refer to him with their tongues firmly planted in their freshly scrubbed cheeks.

From the silly la-la-la chorus of "Pandora's Box," to the "Who loves you so much" mnemonics of "Sweet Baby James," the Poohs drag us back to the head-in-the-sand '70s for a refresher course in good kitsch. Their triumph lies in creating cool parody while keeping it as innocent as child's play.

REGINA JOSEPH

ERIK B. & RAKIM

Don't Sweat the Technique

MCA

Erik B. & Rakim are names synonymous with what was once called rap's New School. Their earliest singles, such as "Erik B. for President" and "My Melody," marked a distinct new era for hip hop, closing a chapter on acts such as Grandmaster Flash, Kurtis Blow, and Doug E. Fresh. Rakim's cool-and-deadly vocal style, and Erik B.'s DJing and production techniques, both helped bring hip hop of age. As one memorable lyric by Stetsasonic put it: "Tell the truth: James Brown was old / Until Erik B. and Ra came out with 'I Got Soul.' "

Don't Sweat the Technique, the fourth album by Erik B. & Rakim, is a more cohesive and inspired effort than 1990's *Let the Rhythm Hit 'Em*, although it is still a far cry from their powerhouse sophomore jam, *Follow the Leader*. Amid Erik B.'s no-frills tracks, the Bomb Squad-produced "Know the Ledge" (previously released as "Juice (Know the Ledge)" on the *Juice* soundtrack) stands out for its complexity and innovation, making it one of the best songs on the album. On the whole, Rakim's rhymes are lively, varied, and imaginative, and seem constrained by Erik B.'s meat-and-potatoes approach to assembling tracks. On "Pass the Hand Grenade" and "The Punisher" Rakim repeats catchy chorus lines with mantralike insistence. With his gruffly evocative street reporting and fine sense of detail, he creates scenarios of urban apocalypse that seem to echo Erik B.'s survivalist grooves. On "Casualties of War" Rakim goes inside the mind of a soldier sent to the Gulf by President Bush. He describes a GI "trained for torture . . . addicted

to murder." As usual, the character Rakim portrays is both underdog and invincible executioner, somewhere between 007, the Terminator, and Shaft.

DIMITRI EHRLICH

JAD FAIR
I Like It When You Smile
JAD FAIR &
THE PASTELS
This Could Be the Night **EP**
Paperhouse Imports

Besides being the king of Half Japan and our era's premier nontrad vocalist, Jad Fair is one of the most frantic collaborationists this side of Maurice Chevalier. These two new, vastly different slabs represent a true case in point.

I Like It When You Smile was recorded with a panoply of nonmainstream musical talents. The ensemble shifts in both mood and membership from track to track, something like a big pink lava lamp filled with trapped human souls. The coolest songs are the ones such as "Something Inside of Me" and "Big as the Sun," which are built around the sinewy Eastern guitar leads of Cul de Sac's Glenn Jones. But that's not to slight the rollicking tracks that are set upon by the piano-drum interplay of NRBQ's Adams-Ardolino duo, or any of the other smut genius pooted out by J Mascis, Ira Kaplan, Mick Hobbs, Steve Shelley, or *whomever*. Think of it as a screwball candy sampler and dive in face first.

This Could Be the Night was recorded in combo with those magnificent Scottish strumsters, the Pastels. The three songs here include a cover of Daniel Johnston's "A Lonely Song," and a pair of originals that would've sounded highly different if the Velvet Underground's eponymous third LP had never existed. But then, wouldn't we all? (*Paperhouse, 21A Maury Rd., London N16 7BP, U.K.*)

SYRON COLEY

SEAWEED
Weak
Sub Pop

Seaweed's members claim their favorite pastime is masturbation, but you'd never know it by listening to the band's first full album, the ironically titled *Weak*. Bands that take pride in jerking off should sound over-

It began when Morn

Hyland came into Mallorys Bar and Sleep

with Angus Thermopyle… *She was gorgeous.*

In contrast, he was probably the most disreputable man who still had docking

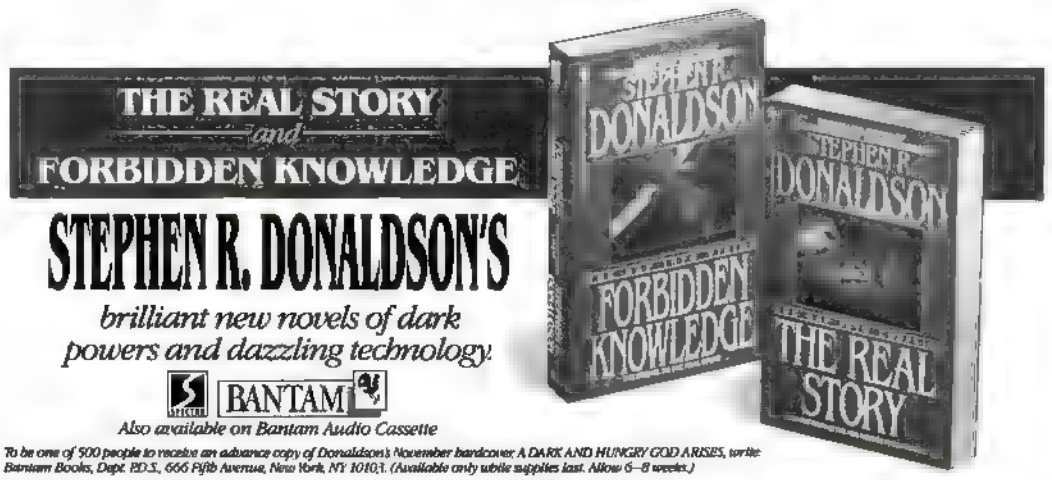
rights at the station. *No one was surprised by the current which*

sparked across the crowd when she and Nick Succorso *first spotted each other.*

They left together to become the kind of story drunks and dreamers told each other when Mallorys was quiet

and the thin alloy walls seemed safe against the hard vacuum of space and the luring madness of the Gap.

That, of course, was not THE REAL STORY…



STEPHEN R. DONALDSON'S
brilliant new novels of dark powers and dazzling technology.
BANTAM
Also available on Bantam Audio Cassette

To be one of 500 people to receive an advance copy of Donaldson's November hardcover A DARK AND HUNGRY GOD ARISES, write: Bantam Books, Dept. RDS, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. (Available only while supplies last. Allow 6–8 weeks.)

BLUE LIGHT SPECIAL

Disco Inferno

BY JOHAN KUGELBERG

I WAS FAR TOO MUCH INTO PUNK rock for my own good when I was growing up in the late '70s. I was too chicken to dress punk in school, but my friends and I spent a lot of time buying the "right" T-shirts (the Damned or the Ramones), the "right" records ("authentic" stuff, no poseurs or power pop), and writing about the "right" bands in our ultra-crummy punk rock fanzine

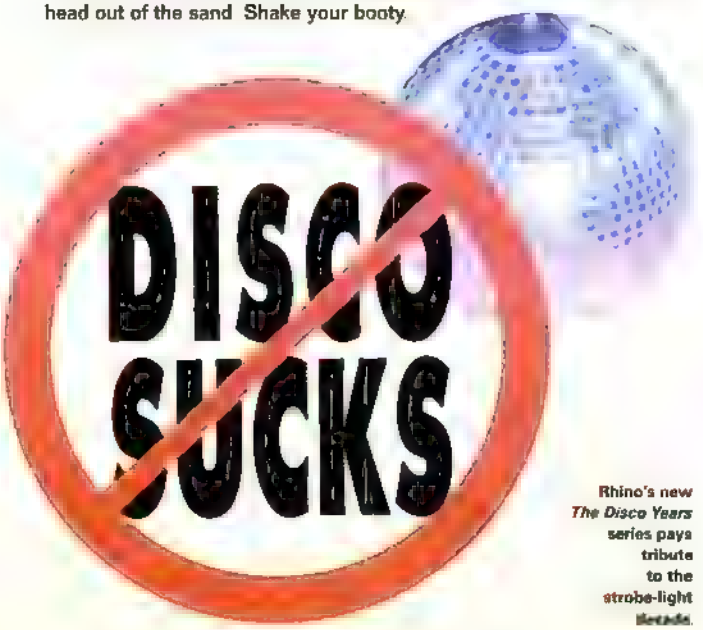
I led a double existence, though
Under the veils of uttermost secrecy
I loved, gulp, disco.

Anita Ward, Gloria Gaynor, KC and the Sunshine Band—I bought all the hits. I probably played "Knock on Wood" three times for every single time I played the first Clash album. I was too cowardly to admit this to my cool punk rock friends though. We wore out felt-tip pens graffiting "Disco Sucks" all over any flat surface we could find.

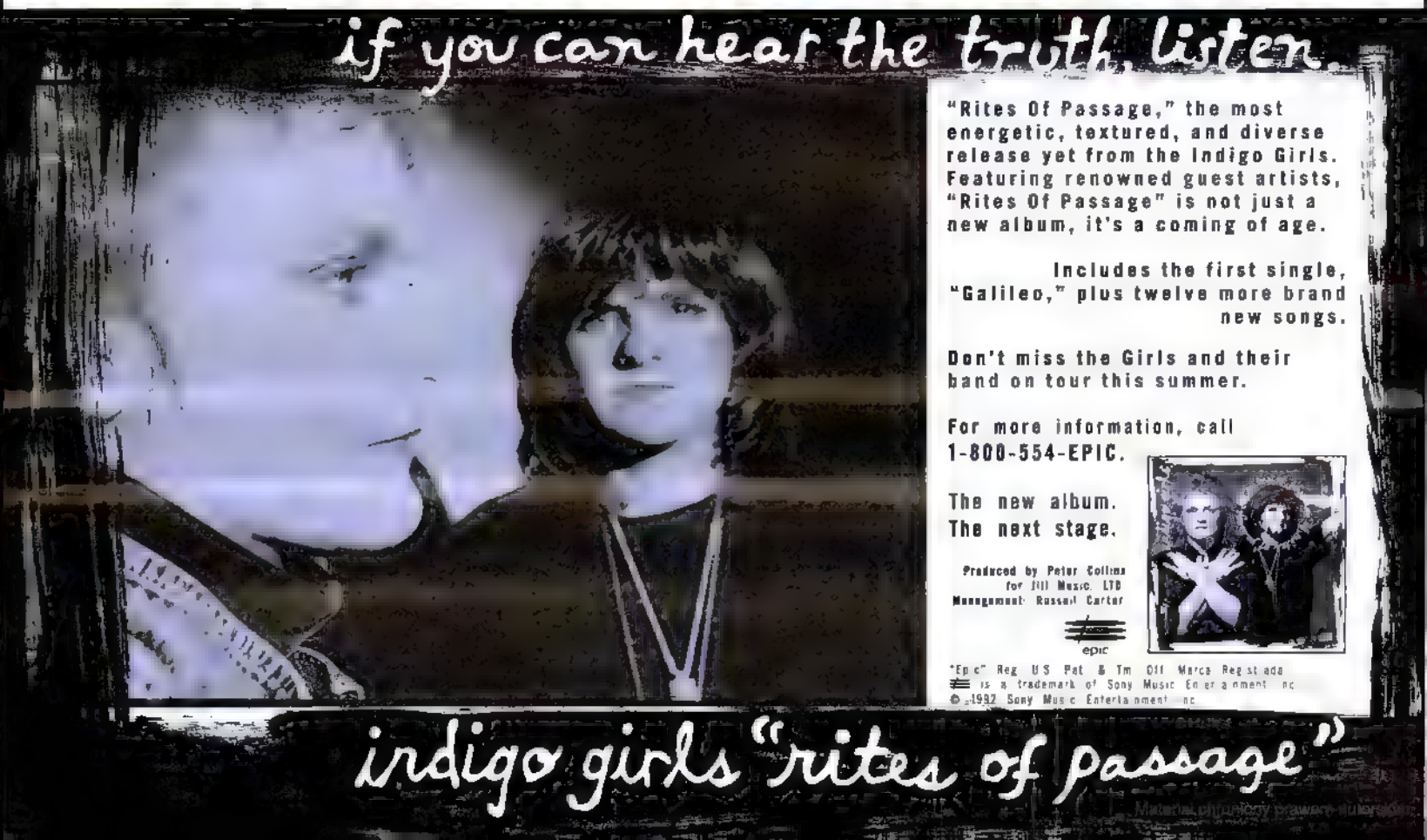
More than a decade later I find myself wrapped in a warm glow after receiving Rhino's recently released compilation series *The Disco Years*. It's all here. All the music of the '70s that I want to hear now: I mean, who needs a Buzzcocks or Generation X retrospective? *The Disco Years* fun quotient beats that fun quotient into a pulp faster than you can say do the hustle. These five albums are great to have on in the background while you're playing bridge, having sex, or doing the dishes, which is something I can't say about Joy Division or Thin Lizzy.

Compiler Ken Barnes, who also wrote the sleeve notes, knows his stuff. All the hits are de facto here, but sandwiched in are amazing semi-obscurities such as Sylvester, the outrageous icon of '70s disco subculture; the inspired trashy Euro-disco of Silver Convention; Dee D. Jackson—her songs "Automatic Lover" and "Meteor Man" predated cybernetics by 15 years; and finally Lipps Inc., the ultimate one-hit wonder, with their classic "Funky Town." Very cool.

Most of the music on *The Disco Years* was looked upon as having about the same shelf life as a can of Chef Boyardee when the music originally came out in the '70s. With our '90s perspective, all kinds of interesting little things can be said about how yesterday's mass culture kitsch is validated with the patina of nostalgia. If you don't believe that yesterday's garbage is the gold of tomorrow, you haven't been to a toy- or record-collector convention lately. This was the greatest stuff going in the '70s, although I might not have admitted that fact back then. *The Disco Years* compilations have at least gotten my head out of the sand. Shake your booty.



Rhino's new *The Disco Years* series pays tribute to the strobe-light decade.


if you can hear the truth, listen.
"Rites Of Passage," the most energetic, textured, and diverse release yet from the Indigo Girls. Featuring renowned guest artists, "Rites Of Passage" is not just a new album, it's a coming of age.
Includes the first single, "Galileo," plus twelve more brand new songs.
Don't miss the Girls and their band on tour this summer.
For more information, call 1-800-554-EPIC.
The new album.
The next stage.
Produced by Peter Collins for Jill Music, LTD
Management: Russell Carter
epic
"Epic" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada
is a trademark of Sony Music Entertainment Inc.
© 1992 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.
indigo girls "rites of passage"

indulgent and self-obsessed. Seaweed is direct and in-your-face. The band is best compared, perhaps, to the riff-heavy, punk-metal assault of Boston's Bullet LaVolta. Except, while LaVolta is largely motivated by anger and bitterness, Seaweed's hyperactive churning stems more from youthful exuberance. Its main concern is to always stay in motion—to run itself ragged in an effort to outpace its adolescent demons.

Yeah, Seaweed is the youngest band on Sub Pop—only one member is old enough to drink—but its members are hardly unseasoned. Wade Neal's and Clint Werner's agitated guitar rhythms are chunkier than the chunkiest Superchunk, and Aaron Stauffer's rugged, melodic vocals could give Kurt Cobain a run for his money. *Weak* contains some of the tastiest, most powerful melodies since prime Hüsker Dü. Just listen to the roundhouse guitar flailing of "The Way It Ends" or the energetic chant-along chorus of "Taxing." By comparison, Tacoma, Washington's Seaweed makes all those Soundgarden clone bands sound truly weak.

JON WIEDERHORN

ANNIE LENNOX

Diva

Arista

There comes a time in the midst of most successful pop partnerships when front person No. 1 looks up from the mixing board and asks front person No. 2, "What do you do again?" Let's call it the Hall & Oates syndrome. George Michael has no regrets. Nor should Annie Lennox.

England's most prominent androgynous soul singer who turned out to be a woman, Lennox is pop's ice queen with a heart of blue. And *Diva* is an important departure from the freezer-burned formula Lennox and Dave Stewart concocted for their group Eurythmics. Lyrically, *Diva*'s songs are vague power plays along the lines of "Would I Lie to You?" and "I Love You Like a Ball and Chain" (both on 1985's *Be Yourself Tonight*). In all other respects, they shimmer and sway. "Cold" is hot: "Come to me / Run to me / Do and be done with me" Lennox moans in a voice that's part torch, part soul sister. The metronomic tick of "Money Can't Buy It" builds to a synth-pop orchestra—its "rich white girl" rap is a smart interlude. Weighing craft against hook, though, "Little Bird" is the album's finest track. Its call-and-response *woo-woos* exude genuine confidence, cleverness, and craft.

That *Diva* isn't wildly original is an asset—from the lightweight chart-consciousness of "Why," the first single, to "Keep Young and Beautiful" (CD only), an ironic cabaret number, the album seems instantly familiar. In voice and verse, Annie Lennox is an institution, late-'80s style. Success bought her respect; now she's got the freedom to use it.

ALEC FOEGE

THE JAYHAWKS

Hollywood Town Hall

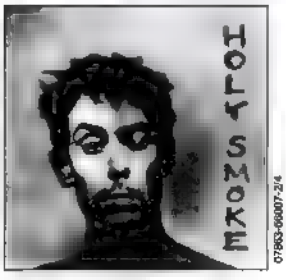
Def American

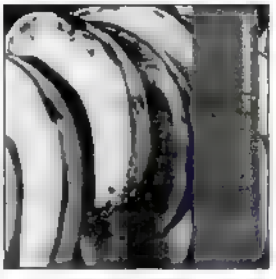
Country rock out of Minneapolis is very much like sex in the bathtub: There's no good reason why it happened where it did, but it sure feels good. The Jayhawks tend to twang far more prominently and consistently than fellow Minneapolis homeboys the Replacements and Soul Asylum. Their third LP proves them worthy heirs to that Midwestern songwriting dynasty. Producer George Drakoulias (Black Crowes) gives the 'Hawks a cleaner, more rootsy feel than in 1989's *Blue Earth*, nicely mixing up their country sound with traditional American rock.

The songs on *Hollywood Town Hall* are simplistic, yet rich with enlightened comments about everyday life. The countrified guitar work and heart-wrenchingly beautiful melodies of Mark Olson and Gary Louris make every song sound sad—whether they're

DOUBLE YOUR POTASSIUM INTAKE

PETER MURPHY
"HOLY SMOKE"





THE CHARLATANS UK
"BETWEEN 10TH AND 11TH"

On the Beggars Banquet-RCA Records Label - cassettes and compact discs

BMG BEGGARS BANQUET RCA

Tmk(s) ® Registered • Marca(s) Registrada(s)
General Electric, USA. BMG logo ® BMG Music © 1992 Beggars Banquet

LEARN THE ART OF RECORDING

The Recording Workshop is the industry leader for hands-on training in music recording technology. Our concentrated, short term approach offers more in-studio experience than most long-term schools. **You can get the practical, real-world skills needed to successfully start a career as a recording engineer, producer or studio musician.** *• Previous experience not required • Complete all training in 8 weeks or less • 6 studios filled with the latest equipment: hard-disk digital recording, DAT mastering, automated mixing, MIDI and more • Small classes, excellent personal attention • Job placement assistance • Financial aid available • Low cost, on-campus housing available*

THE RECORDING WORKSHOP

FOR FREE BROCHURE, CALL OR WRITE TODAY

1-800-848-9900 1-614-663-2510

THE RECORDING WORKSHOP

455-S MASSIEVILLE RD., CHILLICOTHE, OHIO 45601

OHIO STATE BOARD OF PROPRIETARY SCHOOL REGISTRATION #80-07 06967

©1992 THE RECORDING WORKSHOP

BACK SPIN

send issue number or cover description and $6.00 to:

SPIN "Back Issues" • 6 West 18th St.• New York, N.Y. 10011

portraits of simple people with simple morals or love songs so poignant you can feel them in your chest. Although none of the tunes break any lyrical or musical barriers, the Jayhawks make country-sounding music that goes beyond the "My baby left me because she caught me with another woman and I'm in the doghouse again drinking myself into oblivion" formula. Call it country music for people who don't listen to country music, made by people who don't live in the country. The Jayhawks will rip the shit-kicker out of even the most lily-livered listener—and damn if I'm not beginning to love that cotton-pickin' side of me.

KESHIA KNIGHTTROUT

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

Coincidence and Likely Stories

Ensign/Chrysalis

Just when we need an antidote to election-year nonsense, *Coincidence and Likely Stories* marks the welcome return of an authentic angry voice. But don't be foolish and dismiss Buffy Sainte-Marie as a stale folkie relic. Despite evocations of her Native American heritage via chants and "powwow drums" (her term), this forceful, prickly pop sizzles like today's headlines, echoing the clenched-fist grace of labelmate Sinéad O'Connor. Sainte-Marie's best diatribes scorn those who "turn the world to pocket change." The rockin' "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee" zaps government scoundrels and their "pretty lies," while "The Priests of the Golden Bull" compiles the sins of the powerful, her stern demeanor tempered by sadness as she concludes, "The lies vary from place to place / But the truth is still the same." Right on!

Coincidence has upbeat moments, including the cosmically inclined "Starwalker," a catchy little thang with hit potential (an earlier version appeared on 1976's *Sweet America*). However, her righteous fury delivers the big thrills, not to mention freeing Sainte-Marie from the shame of cowriting the noxious "Up Where We Belong" for *An Officer and a Gentleman* a decade ago. Given this impressive comeback, I think we can chalk that transgression up to temporary insanity.

JON YOUNG

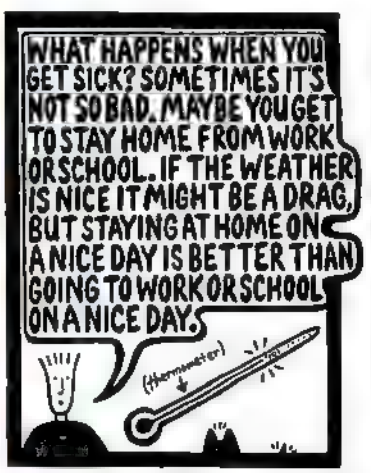
GANG STARR

A Daily Operation

Chrysalis

The poet-educator arms race in hip hop is escalating rapidly, while shock-value misogyny and fanatical religious dogma often seem necessary to generate contemporary commercial appeal. On its third release, *A Daily Operation*, Gang Starr buys into the market with an approach more inflammatory than its previous efforts. Raw, dusty samples from an obviously deep record collection are sewn together with that Comme des Garçons unfinished feel. The Guru raps with unique skills, smoothly conversational couplets coupled with Brooklyn braggadocio and reality rhymes, riding the fence between subtlety and gangsterism. I know, I know—he's only reporting reality. But if anyone listens to lyrics anymore, there are a few loose cannons

Little Sutty's Quest for Music *by Mark Blackwell*


WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET SICK? SOMETIMES IT'S NOT SO BAD. MAYBE YOU GET TO STAY HOME FROM WORK OR SCHOOL. IF THE WEATHER IS NICE IT MIGHT BE A DRAG, BUT STAYING AT HOME ON A NICE DAY IS BETTER THAN GOING TO WORK OR SCHOOL ON A NICE DAY.
(thermometer)

MAYBE IF YOU'RE LUCKY SOMEBODY WILL BRING YOU AN APPLE OR A FLOWER. IF YOU'RE NOT TOO SICK YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO LIE IN THE SUN OR GO SEE A MOVIE.

on the social deck. I'll entertain any argument until "they" are mentioned. The Guru conflates black genocide with shitty record contracts in one such rant.

DJ Premier revives real scratching and the music is loose and jazzy, while the Guru's voice is way up front in the mix. "Ex-Girl to Next Girl" handles the ubiquitous rap love song crossover problem with a much harder approach than "Lovesick" from the last album, and several songs could succeed on the same modest commercial level as last year's "Just to Get a Rep" and "Who's Gonna Take the Weight."

A hip hop connoisseur will go up to the roof and pop off a few celebratory rounds. Will the more mainstream rap consumer get an itchy trigger finger? If you require eight-bar samples of "Super Freak," forget it. But if you recognize the sonic art of the streets, *bo, bo, bo!*

DAVID WILLIAMS

LAIBACH

Kapital
Mute

Laibach is definitely not for everyone. This Yugoslavian group offers a most severe mix of politics and pop music. No "industrial" group, no matter what its agenda is, could possibly be more intimidating than Laibach. The band blows all angst-ridden drum-machine combos out of the water.

Laibach is aligned with a larger group of European artists called NSK, and sometimes goes over the top—it once put out six versions of "Sympathy for the Devil" and covered an entire Beatles album to "rewrite history."

The new release, *Kapital*, is part insane weirdness and part musically adept innovation. You get the feeling a huge, sinister orchestra is at work, each musician at one with Laibach's evil mission. But actually, *Kapital* is primarily done electronically. All the hypnotic voices and rhythms are looped into the tracks with computers. A song called "Entarte Welt (The Discovery of the North Pole)" features the band's trademark sound—a moan of doom with repetitive, static poundings.

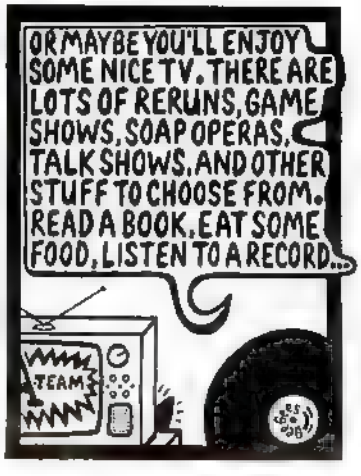
The band may give you nightmares, but unlike other groups that set out to appear ominous and creepy, Laibach's Germanic intelligence stands on its own.

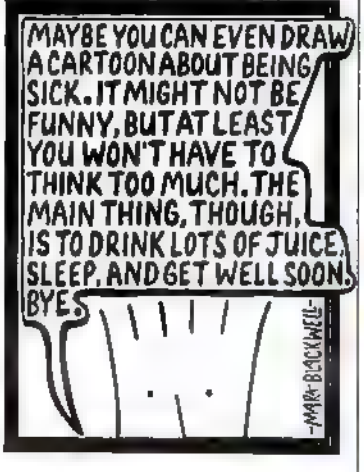
STACI BONNER

INDIGO GIRLS

Rites of Passage
Epic

Rites of Passage is supposed to be a departure for acoustic duo Indigo Girls (Emily Saliers and Amy


OR MAYBE YOU'LL ENJOY SOME NICE TV. THERE ARE LOTS OF RERUNS, GAME SHOWS, SOAP OPERAS, TALK SHOWS, AND OTHER STUFF TO CHOOSE FROM. READ A BOOK, EAT SOME FOOD, LISTEN TO A RECORD...
TEAM


MAYBE YOU CAN EVEN DRAW A CARTOON ABOUT BEING SICK. IT MIGHT NOT BE FUNNY, BUT AT LEAST YOU WON'T HAVE TO THINK TOO MUCH. THE MAIN THING, THOUGH, IS TO DRINK LOTS OF JUICE, SLEEP, AND GET WELL SOON. BYE.
-MARK BLACKWELL-

THE EAST
Bud Dry
Presents
Bud Dry is proud to sponsor 19 of the hottest bands in the country. From Rock to Salsa, Blues to BlueGrass, Tejano to Country, these bands are setting the stage for the nation's newest and most exciting music program: Bud Dry In Concert! Our six bands from the East are featured below. Watch for them in clubs near you. Look for information on our other thirteen Bud Dry bands from the West, the South, and Texas in upcoming issues of SPIN.
Moncho Santana
New York
The Blue Chieftains
New York
Letters To Cleo
Boston
Linwood Taylor
Washington D.C.
EDO
Philadelphia
Thrillcat
New York
Bud Dry
IN CONCERT
Why Ask Why? Try Bud Dry.
KNOW WHEN 2 SAY WHEN

TAKE A SPIN WITH I.R.S.

Get a **FREE** cassette of new music from I.R.S. Records available only through **SPIN.**

This special summer sampler is filled with new and unreleased tracks from Concrete Blonde, Havana 3 A.M., 77 Palms, Vom, Taiwan Love and NETTWERK more. Subscribe now to SPIN, and you will save $$$ off the newstand price and you'll get this cool new tape free. All this for only $11.95!

Great music plus twelve issues of SPIN - such a deal!

Ray). True, *Rites of Passage* has plenty of bongo-violin-harmonica action not showcased on their previous four albums, but in reality what we end up with is a sometimes exciting, sometimes disappointing, typical Indigo offering. You know their gig by now: kickass acoustic guitars accentuated by chilling harmonies packaged in a bunch of insightful, but often forced, lyrics.

Sallers wrangles with mellow songs, the best being "Airplane," a flighty tune about longing for home, though it loses appeal when she sings, "I never should've read my horoscope or the fortune on the bubble gum strip." Ray tackles the quirkier tunes like "Chickenman," "Jonas & Ezekial," and "Nashville," a country-tinged, yet unflattering portrayal of the honky-tonk city of crushed dreams.

Sallers and Ray both need help with their lyrics, and *Rites*' songs seem more like individual efforts rather than collaborative ones. Such talents and flaws are put into perspective when, equipped with only a guitar, Ray launches into her take of Dire Straits' "Romeo and Juliet." For the first time, you're experiencing a contact buzz with the Indigos as Ray passionately belts "Juliet, when we made love, you used to cry." The problem is that just *one* Indigo's doing the crooning and it's someone else's song that overpowers every other tune on the album.

Rites of Passage isn't bad, but it could've been *great*. Indigo Girls can become important and influential artists. If not, they'll end up like '70s folk artist Melanie. Who's Melanie? That's my point.

CHUCK DEAN

OBITUARY

The End Complete
R/C/Roadrunner

If central Florida death metal has made any contribution to Western music at large, it's the questionable reinvention of scat singing as a guttural, subarticulate roar Obituary vocalist John Tardy is perhaps the foulest in his field—*Slowly We Rot*, the Brandon-based quintet's 1989 debut, contained no discernible English-language lyrics, just Tasmanian devil sounds.

Tardy utters whole sentences for this third album. But a certain degree of refinement and restraint is evident here. Unlike so many of their compatriots, Obit guitarists Trevor Peres and Allen West are content to patch a few dirgey chord progressions together and look for a groove rather than sprint for knitting-needle technical displays. The effect is surprisingly mantralike in places—such as on "Corrosive" and "Rotting Ways." Better still, Donald Tardy has developed into a decent hardcore drummer. Go ahead, put this on your car stereo at the McDonald's drive-through.

TOM NORDLIE

MOTHER'S FINEST

Black Radio Won't Play This Record
Reality Bros.

For the better part of two decades, original black rock coalescent Mother's Finest has, inexplicably, remained one of pop's best-kept secrets. Too fly and soulful for the Led Zep bong set and too hot'n'nasty for the urban contemporary R&B airwaves mafia, the two-pronged Ike and Tina–ish gut-wrenching attack of Glenn Murdock and the sultry Joyce Kennedy (along with long-standing bassist Wyzard) has been sadly relegated to mere hip-cult footnote status.

After a lengthy hiatus, the Muthas have resurfaced with a revamped and revitalized lineup, official Black Rock Coalition credentials, and a new label debut, aptly titled *Black Radio Won't Play This Record*. Loud, irreverent, and oozing integrity, Finest's latest offering dishes out a Chaka-Khan-meets-alternametal onslaught with state-of-the-art metal producer Thom Panunzio (Alice in Chains) turning the knobs. From the Faith No More–like funky crunch of the opener, "Like a Negro," to the Hagar-Montrose squonk of "The Wall," the quintet has quietly come from trivia oblivion to unleash the most important metallic Nubian product since Bad Brains' 1986 SST classic, *I Against I*. That's because, unlike the vast majority of their dreadlocked compatriots, these niggas let the music do the talking.

STEVEN BLUSH

No Prescription Necessary
Get out of the waiting room and get into the funky, blues-infused rock of the Spin Doctors.
With fresh lyrics and enough juice to power a small city, "Pocket Full Of Kryptonite" is their new album coming hot on the heels of their live "Up For Grabs" EP.
Featuring "Little Miss Can't Be Wrong" and "Two Princes."
Make an appointment to see the Doctors on their never-ending tour.
Produced by Spin Doctors, Peter Denenberg and Frankie LaRocka.
Management: David Sonenberg for D.A.S. Communications, Ltd.
epic
Spin Doctors
Pocket Full of Kryptonite

STOLICHNAYA
RUSSIAN VODKA
Stolichnaya
Premium
Russian vodka
FOR PRODUCT INFORMATION AND A
STOLAR TRACKS CD
WITH A COLLECTION OF NEW ALTERNATIVE ROCK BY
PETER MURPHY • CHARLATANS UK • MATTHEW SWEET •
XTC • AND MOREI CA 1 900 STOLI CD
$2.95 PER CALL YOU MUST BE 21 YEARS OLD
STOLI
THE RUSSIAN PHENOMENON

NEW

REVOLUTIONS

Punk Rock Anthems

BY JOHAN KUGELBERG

I HONESTLY DON'T THINK THAT A BAND HAS ever made its LP debut with a bootleg before, but I'm holding the first **Jon Spencer Blues Explosion** album, *A Reverse Willie Horton*, in my hands, and I sure can't find any label address underneath the inspired Pubic Pop Can insignia.

Inside the sleeve is a platter that contains sounds that are just plain better than any of the stuff this downtown New York man-on-the-scene's former band, **Pussy Galore**, ever put out. Imagine a more punk rock version of that band's 1990 *Historia de la Musica Rock*, and you're getting there. Impossible to find even on the day of its release, *A Reverse Willie Horton*, great as it is, is still only a tasty appetizer for the full-blown assault of the Blues Explosion's self-titled Caroline album. The "real" debut is the aural equivalent of Texas pit barbecue. Guitar, guitar, and drums, sharp and witty songwriting, and the name-brand, head-in-a-tin-bucket production of Jon Spencer have bred a monster. Unbelievable. To even get close to a comparison you'd have to take a little trip back in time and think Pagans, Dead Boys, Bobby Soxx, or the Mentally Ill. When you're fed up with nice music, but still feel like avoiding the constipated tough-guy antics of death-grind metal and industrial dance music, a dose of this will have you coming back for second helpings. The true aficionado should look for the upcoming bootleg Crypt label album, since the track listings are strangely different from the Caroline release.

The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, *from left*: Russell Simins, Judah Bauer, and Jon Spencer.

Jon Spencer was quoted in SPIN a few years back saying that he thought Pussy Galore had more to do with the *Back From the Grave* '60s garage compilation series than anything else. Listening to the early Pussy stuff makes it perfectly clear that '60s punk and early Stones made the band tick, but these influences were pushed into an unholy alliance with first- and second-generation industrial music, specifically Einstürzende Neubauten (Pussy Galore even covered "Yü-Gung") and pre-suck S.P.K. Spencer's pre-Pussy Galore band, **Shithaus** (with Cop Shoot Cop's Tod Ashley), never made it to vinyl, but the rehearsal tapes I've heard show a bunch of art school nihilists bashing away on scrap-metal percussion, sounding very much like they owned too many Neubauten records for their own good.

The brand-new *Corpse Love: The First Year* CD on Caroline compiles Pussy Galore's long-out-of-print EPs, *Groovy Hate Fuck* and *Pussy Gold 5000*, and the debut seven-inch, "Feel Good About Your Body," plus material from the semilegendary cassette-only releases *Exile on Main Street* and *1 Yr. Live*. All these were originally released on Jon Spencer's own Shove label, and merit big bucks from collector scum worldwide.

With a seven-year perspective, I find Pussy Galore much more listenable than any of the band's New York mid-'80s contemporaries. Live Skull, Swans, and Sonic Youth all received plenty o' play back then, but sound dated as hell played side by side with the best tracks from the *Corpse Love* CD. Pussy Galore at its best was punk rock as twisted and fuming as the deconstructed debris littering the Indianapolis 500 racetrack after a bad accident, with hate-rock anthems such as "Die Bitch" and "Fuck You, Man" sure to please the sons and daughters of the hippie generation.

Caroline, 114 W. 26th St., New York, NY 10001; Crypt Records, Hopfenstr. 32, 2000, Hamburg 36, Germany.

STOLAR TRACKS

BRINGS YOU THE BEST IN CUTTING EDGE ALTERNATIVE RECORDS EACH MONTH

Fastbacks *The Question Is No* (Sub Pop)
Fourscore and seven years ago (actually 1980), Seattle's Fastbacks were jamming away in local warehouses, churning out some of the Northwest's best power-pop punk around. Led by Young Fresh Fellow guitarist-songwriter Kurt Bloch, this four-piece's new LP is a goofy mess of serious guitar hooks, crafty vocals, and toss-your-head-back-and-forth fun. A wacky, impressive standout.

Bad Religion *80-85* (Epitaph)
The good ol' boys in Southern California's hardcore punk gem Bad Religion want you to know their family history, so they dug up the band's first three releases and some compilation tracks, and laid them down on CD. Bad Religion started out pre-1982 and were experts at cranking out furious, melodic, in-your-face tunes. This 28-song CD beautifully documents an essential and revolutionary contributor to the L.A. punk scene. You cannot pass this up.

Big Chief *Face* (Sub Pop)
Ann Arbor's five-piece Big Chief brings excitement back to grunge with ten songs of swirling funk-like grooves, psychedelic guitar trickery, and gritty, tuneful vocals from ex-Necros singer Barry Hensseler. Big Chief is far from a sellout. It's one of the first to take grunge out of the rusting garage, twist it, reshape it, and make it densely captivating again.

American Standard *American Standard Coming Up 3's* (Blackout)
Bam! Where'd this band come from? Too raw-sounding to be labeled classic rock, not enough drip and ooze for grunge, lacking just a bit of the speed and in-your-face gritz needed to slam like punk: Standard is the next wave of unpretentious, hard-driving rock, made to replace any mainstream band out there. Educate yourself.

Various Amphetamine Reptile Artists *Smells Liked Smoked Sausages* (Sub Pop, double seven-inch)
Two of our country's coolest indie labels team together to put out an eight-song Am Rep double seven-inch, with treats such as Cows covering Leadbelly's "My Girl," Boss Hog doing Jody Reynolds's "Fire of Love," and Helmet slugging away with the Melvins' "Oven." Ouch!

THESE REVIEWS ARE WRITTEN BY INDEPENDENT MUSIC CRITICS AND IN NO WAY CONSTITUTE ENDORSEMENT OF STOLICHNAYA

STOLI
THE RUSSIAN PHENOMENON.

HEARING IS BELIEVING!

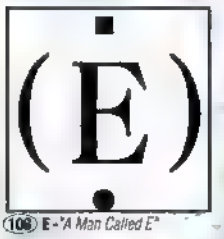
(101) **Chainsaw Kittens** - *"Flipped Out In Singapore"*

(102) **Webb Wilder** - *Doo dad"*

(103) **Leon Russell** - *"Anything Can Happen"*

(104) **Matthew Sweet** - *"Girlfriend"*

(105) **The Church** - *"Priest=Aura"* The new album includes "Pole" and "Feel"



(106) **E** - *"A Man Called E"*

(107) **Rise Robots Rise** - *"Rise Robots Rise"* Artist introduction

(108) **Al Stewart** - *"Rhymes In Rooms"*

(109) **Ben Schultz Band** - *Tri Ally"* Artist introduction

(110) **Ride** - *"Going Blank Again"*

(111) **Kid Rock** - *"Back From the Dead"* Free newsletter available.

(112) **Charlie Watts Quintet** - *"A Tribute To Charlie Parker"* Free newsletter available

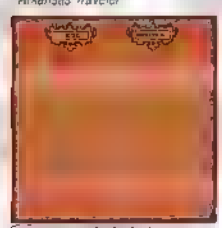
(113) **Sarah McLachlan** - *"Solace"*, Featuring "Into The Fire" and "The Path of Thorns (Terms)"

(114) **The Beyond** - *Crow* Free newsletter available

(115) **Happyhead** - *"Give Happyhead"* Featuring "Fabulous

(116) **Michelle Shocked** - *"Arkansas Traveler"*

(117) **Pantera** - *"Vulgar Display Of Power"*



(118) **KTC** - *NONSUCH"*

(119) **The Soup Dragons** - *"Hotwired"*

NOW YOU CAN HEAR THE MUSIC BEFORE YOU BUY.

- Just Dial 1-212-724-4837.
- Press the three-digit code number listed by the disc you want to hear.
- Press 5 to repeat a track.
- Press 6 to skip to the next track.
- Press * and the new code number to hear another disc at any time.
- Press 7 to order any featured music or call Tower Records Mail Order at 1-800-648-4844 and have your MasterCard or other major credit card ready.

It's easy and fun!

TOUCH TUNES℠
The Audio Music Magazine

*Only 25¢ per minute or less.**

SPONSORED BY:

MasterCard
Master The Musical Moment.™

CALL 1-800-648-4844 FOR MAIL ORDER

1-212-724-4837

*25¢ per minute or less from anywhere in the Continental U.S.A. FREE local call within 212 area code

© 1992 Touch Tunes Corporation. For customer service call: 1-212-633-2044

LIVE!

The next best thing to being there

MAGIC JOHNSON FOUNDATION/ ACT UP L.A. BENEFIT
Hollywood Palladium
April 3, 1992

Perry Farrell apparently had last-minute doubts about debuting his work-in-progress Porno for Pyros at this Hollywood AIDS benefit. Although Stephen Perkins remains on the drum stool, Farrell's new outfit lacks the shambling propulsion and startling mood swings of Jane's Addiction, often becoming mired in a doomy orthodoxy that will no doubt be shaken off in coming months. An inauspicious beginning, but one that was received like the Second Coming by legions of devotees.

Henry Rollins glared out at the audience before assuming a crablike stance, whopping his head between his knees to the Rollins Band's furious jazz-punk fusion, a soundtrack for an ugly spectacle. Rollins insists that sheer rage is the only thing that keeps him performing.

Primus's intricate prog-thrash disappointed no one except those with a nostalgia for songs, hooks, and grooves. Fortunately, Fishbone's ferocity proved undimmed by years on the road.

Some regard the Beastie Boys' transformation from hip hop strugglers to alternative-rock icons as another head-scratcher. From their fuzz-bass opener, "Gratitude," the Beasties proved themselves with trademark chutzpah and newfound instrumental prowess. The rap medley that closed the show was a hint that the Beasties tour might overshadow the homogenized Lollapalooza '92 as the live event of the year.

The surprise stage-diving antics of L.A. Lakers stars Vlade Divac and Michael Cooper during the Red Hot Chili Peppers' set proved appropriate. The pair was not only honoring the Magic Johnson Foundation, cobeneficiary of this show, but pointing out that the Chili Peppers treat music as a contact sport, where sweating and grimacing overrule more subtle skills. Applying the same principle, the Beastie Boys stole home-court advantage.

CRAIG SCHMIDT

Perry's premature Pyros: beaten by the Beasties.

EARTH BUDDIES 2/ EARTH DAY BENEFIT
Walnut Creek Amphitheatre
Raleigh, North Carolina
April 25, 1992

The year-old Walnut Creek pavilion was about as unlikely a venue as any to host Raleigh's second annual environmentally conscious jamboree. The 20,000-capacity outdoor arena has the sprayed-on newness of a theme park, with a security force so locked in its jackbooted maneuvers that standing in an aisle warrants ejection.

Perhaps Flat Duo Jets' Dexter Romweber—in pink golf pants, a blue blazer, his access pass on his ass—set the edgy tone with his screechy rockabilly guitar. More than a few audience members mistook the antics of the Jets— an institution in neighboring Chapel Hill—for a sound check.

Boston's Buffalo Tom offered much revelation for a band faced with its mortal enemies—sunlight and fresh air. "Taillights Fade" and "Mineral" were the standouts, performed here as extended anthems. Dillon Fence, a Chapel Hill quartet, made the most of its local-hero status. The band played its muzzy power pop to hordes of screaming girls; lead singer Greg Humphreys flipped his blond tresses to his band's guitar-drenched cross between the Hollies and Buddy Holly. These likable lads are destined for bigger things.

Firehose bassist-raconteur Mike Watt could be found throughout the day wandering across Walnut Creek's grassy hill, counseling fans seeking his worldly guidance. Looking like a young, flanneled Castro (he's growing a beard to play the Cuban chief in a video-only film, *I, Fidel*), Watt was the day's unofficial master of ceremonies. Antenna front man John Strohm joined Firehose on guitar for Public Enemy's "Sophisticated Bitch" and Superchunk's "Slack Motherfucker."

The Connells, from Raleigh, whipped up the most substantial froth on this alt-rock dessert menu. Though Earth Day was rarely mentioned, when lead singer Doug MacMillan announced to the audience that 50 cents from each ticket went to the North Carolina chapter of the Nature Conservancy (dedicated to buying up land parcels for preservation), the crowd let out an approving whoop.

ALEC FORGE

ROCK FOR CHOICE/ POSITIVE FORCE BENEFIT
Sanctuary Theater
Washington, D.C.
April 4, 1992

For those with a passion for alternative music, a Rock for Choice benefit concert was extra incentive to journey to our nation's capital to march for reproductive rights. The D.C. installment, sponsored by L7's singer-guitarist Jennifer Finch and the Feminist Majority Foundation, was organized by Kristin Thompson of Positive Force, a local punk activist group.

From Bikini Kill's opening number, "Hamster Babe," a threatening bass-dominated power-punk ballad, to the show's peak, the explosive "Suck My Left One," it was clear that Bikini Kill is more than big mouths and big words.

The start of an L7 set always makes you take a frightened step back from the stage. The dreadlocked, American gladiators of grunge rock came out smoking (literally, and flouting house rules) and played a blistering set of old and new material, capping it off with a guest appearance from Gwar's Slymenstra Hymen, who closed the band's set with an onstage ritual dance.

After words from several speakers, D.C.'s Fugazi plugged in and went. Although looking a little peaked, Fugazi burned onstage, dropping bits of science in between such punk gems as "Song #1," "Bad Mouth," "Give Me the Cure," and "Margin Walker."

"These are our demands," singer-guitarist Ian MacKaye chanted along with the 800-capacity crowd during "Reclamation." "We want control of our bodies / Decisions will now be ours."

DANIEL FEIJÓ

Politically correct, spiritually direct. *From left*: Fugazi's Ian MacKaye and Guy Picciotto.

TOP, STEPHEN STICKLER; BOTTOM, MATT WELCH

U2

Continued from page 37

Los Angeles, California, April 12: Christina the "Mysterious Ways" belly dancer must be starting to feel claustrophobic. She has to sit or squat in this tiny black box for most of the previous song; the box won't open until it's time for her to make her appearance. After her gig, though, she gets carried backstage by some burly U2 crew guy, and then she doesn't have to do anything else for the rest of the show, so maybe a little claustrophobia isn't so bad.

Ringo-friggin'-Starr, man. He walks right by me, nodding coolly, as if to say, "Yeah. You know who I am." The kids at SPIN will just never believe my luck.

U2's guest list is so absurdly star-choked that they rent one of those cheap wraparound electric signs and mount it near the stage, endlessly displaying the guest list to the crowd. Watching the show from the soundboard in the middle of the arena, I'm once again awestruck by the banks of computers, monitors, and strange radar-scope machines (these analyze the exact shade of color of the lights to allow for precise mixing and matching) needed to control the lights and video screens. If only I could get a system like that for my apartment.

Miami, Florida, March 1: (nonlinear time-space jump—hold on, everybody!): Yesterday's rumor of U2 having eight chartered jets (two for each band member) has been reduced to a rumor that they have two chartered jets (which turns out to be true). Walking by the band's dressing room, I'm instructed not to talk out loud, because they're listening to tapes. "You mean they're recording?" I ask, thinking I must have misheard. "No, they're listening."

The show's delayed today—it's the first time the crew has had to break down the production and set it up in another venue, and they didn't get a chance to practice as planned the day before because sound check ran longer than expected. So there's a lot more time sitting around than usual. U2's dressing room is right next door, which wouldn't be remarkable except that my mom is also here tonight, and she's got it in her head that she wants to meet the band. We spend some time in the hallway, watching the band occasionally mill around, accompanied by its personal security. Bono even stations a bodyguard outside the door when he goes to the bathroom. I'm not sure why he thinks he's in so much danger even backstage, where non-laminate-bearers are summarily shot, but maybe he knows something I don't.

Then again, maybe he just knows my mom is there. Hell, he *should* be scared. Mom takes it as a personal affront that none of the band have come by to say hello to Support Act (I try to explain that it's only the second day of the tour, and they're probably really busy, but Mom's not buying it). "I'm going to go tell that Bono how rude he's acting," she announces. "Which one is he?"

"The really short one," I tell her, hoping to put her off (they're *all* really short, in actuality, though Bono seems shortest).

"Well, I'm going to go have a talk with him."

"Uh, just hold on a second, Mom. It's 'Time Out' in the halls."

"Time Out" is the period of five minutes before and after U2 takes the stage when no one is allowed so much as to poke his/her head out the door, in case someone, I don't know, should inadvertently wish the band "Good luck" or something. God help anyone caught wandering the halls during this period. So me and my dad form a cordon in front of the door to prevent my mom from peeking outside (you never know if she's serious).

In retrospect, I probably should have let her loose. Bono would probably have gotten a kick out of being lectured by somebody's mother. What's happened with U2—as it has, doubtless, to many Big Rock Acts before them—is that people act a certain way in anticipation of things that might or might not bother the band members themselves, so that much of what goes on around them, they remain forever unaware of—like the court of some all-powerful king, where people are put to death for imagined offenses that the king himself never noticed. This explains anomalies like the recent Negativland *U2* parody record controversy, and the story someone told me not long ago about a writer for a music TV show who allegedly was fired because of some imagined slight against U2 that neither the band nor its management had even noticed.

Nevertheless, organizations—like people—are usually paranoid only to the extent that they take themselves seriously, and U2, for all their attempts to put on a comic face on the Zoo TV tour, takes this production incredibly seriously.

As well they should, I guess. Reports of the proposed late-summer stadium tour suggest that it dwarfs the current show both in scale and in ambition. Zoo TV is a very carefully planned, long-term (the band is supposed to tour worldwide well into 1993) assault on the hearts and pocketbooks of music lovers everywhere. A certain amount of care and caution in the undertaking is understandable—but, you know, this doesn't have to be a paramilitary operation; everything in moderation, boys. Or else I'll have to sic my mom on you.

Postcript: *"Hello?"*

"Hi, Mom. It's me. Seems like you should have said something to Bono after all. U2 is apparently really upset that I'm printing this story—their manager, especially. Though I hear Bono's a little freaked out, too."

"What didn't they like?"

"They haven't read it yet. They're not concerned with the content of the story—they just don't like the idea that it happened outside of their direct control. It's just a neurotic reaction, which is apparently the only way a megagroup like U2 knows how to react. It's automatic, unthinking. Unnecessary. It seems, to me, like another example of how a large, and largely paranoid, organization tries to control what's said about its constituents. But I don't think that's right, you know? I mean, they're just a pop group."

"Well, try not to get too upset about it, dear."

"I'm not upset, really. I'm not. Just disillusioned."

CUOMO

Continued from page 56

rest of us continues to grow. Instead of confessing error and pledging to correct the economic wrongs of the past 12 years, the Republicans in power are deflecting the blame from themselves to the powerless: to the poor, to the child who just had a child, to the new immigrants. What's scary is that political scapegoating might work, just like it did with Willie Horton and the Pledge of Allegiance in 1988. People are angry and frightened; they're susceptible to scapegoating. Blaming people on welfare for your troubles is easy—just ignore the fact that welfare spending makes up one percent of the federal budget.

It's not welfare that threatens us: It's a lack of jobs. It's growing poverty. It's a low-wage economy. It's lagging competitiveness, huge debt, crumbling infrastructure, inadequate education, drugs, crime. . . . It's fear, anger, and despair. And the unwillingness to admit it—because then we would have to do the tough things to cure it. This is the legacy of the Reagan-Bush era. The resonance of the new ethic they brought to American government: "God helps those whom God has helped." And if he left you out, who are we to presume on his will?

SPIN: Operation Rescue came to Buffalo. How do you see yourself and your government as being effective to prevent harassment caused by Operation Rescue?

Cuomo: I have said today, and I said to the mayor, that the people who are called Operation Rescue, people who are opposed to abortion, have a perfect right to speak. And we will make it possible for them to exercise their constitutional rights. We will not tolerate even the slightest violation of other people's rights to have abortions, not in the name of exuberance or sincerity or misguided indignation, no excuse. You can say whatever you want to say. We'll see to it that you have the right to say it, but you're not going to close a clinic or impede people's use of the clinic. Now harassment, at what point do words become harassment?

SPIN: I meant going to people's homes when they work at a clinic and finding the kids of doctors who perform abortions.

Cuomo: It's kind of tough with our First Amendment rules to stop people from shouting at other people, even if they have to go to great lengths to find them and identify them. But I don't believe there's going to be any substantial or significant interruption of any right. And what's going to happen when it's all over? You say: Good, you shot off your mouth, you said you were going to close down the clinics, and you didn't close them down.

SPIN: Do you think it's conceivable that the Bush administration could start another war?

Cuomo: Yes, well, not cynically. I'm not going to accuse them of cynically starting a war, but I said one of the most distressing aspects of the last ten years is, when you look back, the one thing they did best was beat people in wars, including 44 guys in sneakers in Grenada. I wouldn't be shocked that a group that is as prone to go to war

as they are, as they were in Colombia—people forget, you know, Panama, Grenada, and then Iraq. Yeah, I wouldn't be shocked if something happened in Libya

SPIN: Do you think it's at all possible that it could be done as a ploy?

Cuomo: No. If they did, it would be truly a dumb move. There's no way they'd get away with it. No way, with this disastrous economy, you can't fool the people with a mini-Iraq and say, "Maybe you're out of work, but I beat another nation this weekend." I don't think it would work.

SPIN: What is your prescription for stopping the terrible racial tension in this country? It just seems to be getting worse every day.

Cuomo: Education. Education. I don't mean formal A-B-C education, I mean talking about the things that divide you and why they divide you. You're mad at the blacks because you think they're all the killers and mad at all the criminals because you see them stacking up in the jails. You have to talk about it, you have to expose it. Studs Terkel is doing a good job now. He's a very smart guy. He's one of the heroes of my generation. He's a great, great writer. And he's gone around and had honest conversations with people about race. It's getting the truth out. You can't order people to love one another or respect one another. You can show them how it's more intelligent to get along, how some of the things that they're resenting and that they're using as reasons for antipathy simply don't exist. And especially with the youth. A lot of this stuff they pick up, they inherit at home, the bad attitudes. So you've got to get to the youth early with programs.

SPIN: What hope do we hold out for African-American people though? I mean, I understand what you're saying in terms of sophisticated, mostly white people, softening attitudes toward blacks, but what hope do we hold out for black people in Harlem, the Bronx, East New York, and South Central L.A.?

Cuomo: If you asked me to sum up, to point to the one greatest enemy of society and the one thing which if you dealt with it successfully would do the most good, it's the drug problem. If you could deal with that drug problem effectively, it would change everything in New York City overnight, dramatically. Less violence, more money, better education, better everything. Drugs. Drugs. Drugs. And the answer on drugs is, again, education—until some genius finds an antidote that you can stick in your arm and it does away with all addictions.

SPIN: We have produced in this country an entire subspecies of humanity that is virtually without family as we've known it through most of the history of our civilization. Can government save these people from aimlessness, from whatever it is, from having babies produce babies produce babies?

Cuomo: The state can help convince children not to have children. The problem now is that many minority children, Latinos and African-Americans—mostly in the city of New York, are having babies while they're still babies. Consciously, deliberately, not because they don't know about contraceptives, but because this is their affirmation. This is their avenue to dignity. "In this place where there's nothing but pimps and violence and prostitution, what the heck good can I do? I can make a baby. She's mine, she's beautiful. She's better than your baby. And if you make one, I can make two." We have targeted that population with a program I call "Other Avenues to Dignity" since 1984, and in the target population—with special programs going to them, making sure they get their degree, teaching them computers, setting them up with employers—we have brought down the birthrate appreciably. You have to have more and more of that everywhere. And you start by improving the economy.

WIM WENDERS

Continued from page 47

Wenders: So if I were a kid in America, I would get a passport and then I would learn another language. I mean, it's so important to travel and to really have been in other places, to have been around the world—to not only know the world from television. It's the one thing that really saved my life—that I started to travel. I never dared to say anything in French or English to anybody outside of school. It was only when I started to travel, when I was 16 or 17 years old, and got to France, that all of a sudden, when you're on your own and there's nobody watching you, that you can really *say* something in French or, in my case, in English. For some reason, Americans are so terribly shy about that and it's such a barrier.

SPIN: What are you afraid of?

Wenders: Not much, I'm too old.

SPIN: My last question is your question, from *Chambre 666*. Is the cinema a language about to get lost, an art about to die?

Wenders: I thought so, seriously, about 10 years ago. I really thought it was not going to last until the end of the century. I thought it was on the way out, but I was wrong. I think cinema is more alive now than 10 or 15 years ago. Amazingly enough, it has had an incredible second breath, a second wind. I think it's very much alive now.

SPIN: Why do you think the renaissance happened in film?

Wenders: Maybe just because people needed it more than they thought they did. People really weren't ready to sit in front of their TV screens and watch electronic imagery; they liked movies too much. It gave it a second wind and it's a strong wind. It will last quite a long time.

SPIN: Until the end of the world?

Wenders: Perhaps, until then.

SPIN (ISSN 0886-3032), Volume 8, Number 4. Copyright © 1992 by Camouflage Associates. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States by Camouflage Associates, 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011-4608. **Subscription inquiries**: Send new or renewal notices or change of address (send both old and new addresses) to SPIN, P.O. Box 420193, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0193. Allow six to eight weeks for change of address. **Subscription problems**: Call 1-800-828-9093. **Subscription costs**: U.S. and its possessions: 1 year basic rate, $18.00, 2 years, $32.00. Canada: 1 year, $30.00 (U.S.). Foreign: 1 year, $50.00 (U.S.). Second class postage paid New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. **Postmaster**: Send address changes to SPIN, P.O. Box 420193, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0193. Printed in USA. Editorial offices: 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011-4608, tel. (212) 633-8200. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter, and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to SPIN magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part without permission from the writer. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Single copies: $2.95 in U.S. and APO., $3.50 in Canada, £1.95 in U.K.

SPIN CLASSIFIEDS

Rates and information: Classified rates $34 per line standard type (3line minimum). Display rates $300 per column inch (column width 2").Frequency discounts are available. Please include payment, sample of product or catalog, address and phone number with all orders. For deadlines call Spin Classifieds @ (212)633-8200. For further information call or write: SPIN CLASSIFIEDS @ 6 West 18th St. NY, NY 10011

212-633-8200

ANNOUNCEMENTS

¿DO YOU WANT TO BE A DJ? Play your favorite music on the radio & get paid too!! No Exp. Necc.- DJ's, News, Sports & More - Out Front or Behind the scenes Start your radio Career Now!! New Video method shows how **Free Info. Free Call.** Radiotech **1-800-552-RADIO**

MUSICIANS-BANDS-MUSIC FANS! Get signed! Get music biz jobs, Get Connections, THE music biz directory 1000+ indie & major label A&R names, address, ph #'s, radio, agents, mgrs, more! $24.95 Chk/M.O. to: "Connections", 8033 Sunset Blvd., #976, L.A.,CA 90046

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

FREE BOOK CATALOG

Hard-to-find books at savings up to 75% are featured in our 1992 BareBones Book and Video SALE Catalog
- Health & Fitness
- Environment
- Diseases
- Medical Reference
- Children's Fun
- Astronomy
- Natural Wonders
- Childbirth
- Nutrition
- Anatomy
- Nature
- Wellness

ANATOMICAL CHART CO. 8221 Kimball Ave. Skokie, IL 60076 Toll-free 1-800-621-7500

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

Learn Money-Making Tips Vital Towards Successful Music Careers. CALL TODAY 24 Hrs. **1-900-988-0054 Ext. 487 $2/Min.**

COLLEGE STUDENTS - earn big $$$ fast selling printed T-Shirts on campus. We provide shirts. Call CHILLYBEAR now (203)622-7115

T-SHIRTS

THE SCREAM!
T-shirt: (white or grey) $13.75
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23
Sizes: S, M, L, XL
Shipping: $3.00 per order
Send $1.00 for brochure of over 100 other designs
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
PO BOX 220 SP
CAMBRIDGE, MA 02238

GRATEFUL DEAD MERCHANDISE 1960's Clothing,T-Shirts,Free Catalog Wholesale avail. GYPSY ROSE,Box 624-S,Richboro PA 18954 (215) 968-8740

"GREAT TATTOOS
Don't have to last a lifetime"

KIT includes 15 fashionably decadent tattoos.
They're safe, easy to apply & remove and last for days. GUARANTEED TO LOOK AUTHENTIC, SO ORDER NOW. SEND $19.95 TO:
SKINWEAR 6 West 18th St, 11th Fl New York, New York 10011

HELP! I've fallen... and I can't reach MY BEER!

100% Cotton Tee
White, sizes: S,M,L,XL $14.95 (XXL $16.95)
Send check, money order & size to:
Iced Tee's, Dept. B
P.O. Box 370323
West Hartford, CT 06137
Allow 4 weeks for delivery

CLOTHING

INCOGNITO MAIL ORDER CATALOG Sunglasses, T-Shirts, Clothing & Shoes. Send $2.00 Redeemable to: INCOGNITO, PO Box 1286, Royal Oak MI. 48067 1-800-843-4704

SESSIONS
T-Shirts,
Videos, Posters, Dr. Martens, Chain Wallets, Leather, Stickers, Skate & Snowboard Equipment.
Nirvana, Chilipeppers, Nine Inch Nails, Soundgarden, Primus, Janes Addiction...
Over 300 Designs Of Music Tees In Stock!
Call Or Write For Your FREE CATALOG!!!
(408)735-1138 9-5 Pacific. 988 E. California Ave. Ste. 3, Dept. S, Sunnyvale CA 94086

☆ POLITICALLY INCORRECT ☆
T-SHIRTS & SWEATSHIRTS
HIGH-QUALITY AMERICAN MADE
BLACK & RED ON ASH SHIRT
S-M-L-XL
$8.95/T-SHIRT OR $14.95/T-SHIRT
PLUS $3.50 S&H
(CHECK OR M.O.) TO:
BRIGHT IDEA, P.O. BOX
DESIGN #1 GARDEN GROVE, CA 92643 DESIGN #2
DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME

MISCELLANEOUS

COLLECTORS Rare Records, Shows,Posters,Autos,Awards,Jackets,CDs,Vidao,Magazines,Etc Nicks,REM,Heart,U2,Elton,Madonna Zep,Rush,Etc. LARGE CATALOG $2.00 Wynnco Box 1908S, Easley SC 29641

DANCE

LET'S GET BUSY

Learn how to dance the latest FUNK, HIP-HOP & HAMMER STYLE dance steps. Get **"LET'S GET BUSY"** the how-to-dance VIDEO from RAH PRODUCTIONS. SEND $17.95 (postage and handling included) to:

LET'S GET BUSY, RAH Productions, PO Box 612333, San Jose, CA 95161

DISC JOCKEYS

Get Paid to Party!

Earn $200-$600/night as a Mobile DJ. Two fact-filled books, by DJ Pros, tell all.
1. *How To Make Money As A Mobile DJ*
2. *The DJ's Ultimate Sales And Marketing Manual*

100% Guaranteed. 100+ pages in each. $25 each, $39 both. Over 5,000 sold. Visa/MC orders 1-800-892-4060 ext. 301
Postpaid. VIDEOSTAR, 37 Spring Cove Rd. Nashua, NH 03062
FREE issue of Mobile Beat DJ Magazine with each order!

DRUG TESTING

DRUG TESTING SHORT NOTICE True Factual Information **1-900-776-1532** $3/minute 24 Hr. Confidential

FANCLUB

R.E.M.
Post Office Box 8032
Athens, GA 30603

STAR ADDRESS GUIDE
3200 direct addresses of Rock & Pop Stars, Bands, TV & Movie Stars, Celebs.
Coverprice $12.95 + $1.50 S/H
$14.45 (NY + salestax) to: BookMasters
110-21 73 Rd. #1G, Flushing, NY 11375

FILM & VIDEO

UNRELEASED ROCK VIDEO! Rare 60's-90's concerts,TV appearances of your favorite groups SASE for **FREE CATALOG. CREDIT CARDS OK.** Vintage Images, 3729-B West Alabama, #350S, Houston, TX 77027 713-683-6993

VIDEO HI-FI DUPLICATION
IN ALL WORLDWIDE SYSTEMS
PACKAGING & FULFILLMENT
1-800-USA-DUB1

ROCK, PUNK, UNDERGROUND Bands on video! TV Art, RC Racing? Yes! SASE CMG, POB 121699, Arlington TX 76012

BEAT VIDEOS
Progressive New Computer Animated Videos to accompany your own music. One full hour of continuously changing graphic animations. Great for Home, Night Clubs or Video Dancing.
Two Styles: POP VIDEO or INDUSTRIAL VIDEO GRAPHICS.
$14.95 Per Video plus $4.00 S/H. Ohio residents add 7% sales tax.
Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order to:
P.O. Box 93591 Cleveland, OH 44101-5591 (216) 881-8448

CALIFORNIA NUDE BEACHES 1-15 Nudist Beauty Contest 1-10 2hrs. $30.00 Each. Catalog $2.00 T&A Video, 904 Silver Spur Rd .#414 R.H.E., CA 90274 310-519-8840

NATURISM LIFESTYLE photography. Family nudism magazines, videos. Catalog $3 Lifestyles-P, Box 661268, L.A. CA 90066

HELP WANTED

DEBTS? BILLS PILING UP? Bad credit is no problem. We'll help. Licensed/Bonded. Applications accepted $500-50,000. Not a loan company. UAC, Dept. SN, PO Box 26295, Birmingham, AL. 35226 or call (800) 326-8284

HEALTH

CONQUER Premature Ejaculation Video developed by board-certified doctor teaches total control FREE information (800) 788-CURE

CONDOM OF THE MONTH C.L.U.B
As seen in Glamour, Elle, Ms, Mens Health! 10 condoms discreetly mailed monthly w/ safer sex & AIDS info, condom trivia , & more!.
1 mo. $4.95 3 mo. $12.95
6 mo. $22.95 12 mo. $39.95
Name/address/check/m.o. to:CMC, P.O. Box 4652, WPB, FL 33402, or send SASE for free sample. Percent of proceeds benefit AIDS education.

HELP WANTED

EASY WORK! EXCELLENT PAY! Assemble products at home. Call Toll Free 1-800-467-5566 Ext.2566

IDENTIFICATION

IDENTITY KITS
- COMPLETE IDENTITY KIT INCLUDES:
  1) BLANK PHOTO DRIVER'S LICENSE
  2) OFFICIAL BLANK BIRTH CERTIFICATE
  3) OFFICIAL BLANK SOCIAL SECURITY CARD
  4) OFFICIAL PHOTO STATE I.D.
- MADE IN ANY STATE OR CANADA
- 100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
- FREE I.D. CATALOG WITH PURCHASE
- I.D. CATALOG ONLY $1.00 NO FREE INFO
- FAST CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE
- LIMITED OFFER! DON'T DELAY!
- ORDER NOW! RUSH YOUR EACH KIT (OR 2 KITS FOR $15.00) TO:

ONLY $10.00 (Regular $40.00 Value)

Fortune ID Service
3148 Plainfield Ave.-#150-G
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

DRIVERS LICENSES
- REAL BLANK DRIVERS LICENSES
- ORIGINALS! NOT CHEAP FAKE I.D.
- ANY STATE OR CANADA
- EASY DO IT YOURSELF KIT
- 100% FOOLPROOF + LEGAL
- MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
- FAST CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE

ONLY $5.00

DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW! RUSH $5.00 PER LICENSE KIT OR 2 FOR $8.00) TO:

BELL REAL ID
3148 Plainfield Ave. #150-G
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

PERSONALS

CLOTHING, DRESSES, BOOTS LEATHER!! Big Color Catalog $2.00 Stage Clothes, USA, 13 South 7th St, Minneapolis, MN 55402 Dept. S

PEN PALS

MAKE FRIENDS IN ENGLAND!! Transatlantic Penfriends, Box 2176A, San Pedro, CA 90731

PENFRIENDS-ENGLAND-USA Make lasting friendships. Send age, interest. Free reply. Harmony, Box 82295 SP, Phoenix AZ 85071

JAPANESE LADIES Want single men Penfriends .Details $2., Box 20323-SP, S V, NV 89433

PEN PALS WORLDWIDE for lasting friendship, maybe more. Sample Photos free! Hermes, Box 110680/N Berlin, 11 Germany

PENFRIENDS—England,USA,Worldwide Send Age,Interests for Free reply CURRENTS, Box 525-SN, Brooklyn, NY 11229 (718) 382-4159

SCANDINAVIA-RUSSIA-G BRITAIN,etc: Worldwide Introductions for students, proffesionals. Scanna Int'l. POB 4-SP. Pittsford, NY 14534 (716) 586-3170

PERSONAL DEFENSE

$20 THAT CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE!! Perfect Non-Lethal Spray Weapon Proven Superior to Mace & Tear Gas G.J. Roach & Co., 1780 Glenneyre, Laguna Beach,CA 92651 714-497-8163

POSTERS & PHOTOS

99¢ COLOR CELEBRITY PHOTOS! World's largest selection, over 1,000,000 Rock, Movie, TV photos and more. Every celebrity from the 30's to the 90's. Giant catalog. sample — $2, Front Row Photos, Box 484-SN Nesconset, NY 11767

SPIN CLASSIFIEDS

Rates and information - Classified rates $34 per line standard type -3line minimum. Display rates $300 per column inch (column width 2").Frequency discounts are available. Please include payment, sample of product or catalog, address and phone number wit h all orders. For deadlines call Spin Classifieds @ (212)633-8200. For further information call or write SPIN CLASSIFIEDS@6 Wes18th St. NY, NY 10011

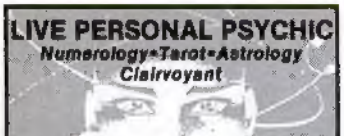
212-633-8200

POSTERS & PHOTOS

CELEB PHOTOS: Rock, Metal, TV+ Send SASE for list. Name favorites. PIX/SPIN POB 91896 Hou TX 77291

PSYCHICS

LIVE PERSONAL PSYCHIC
Numerology•Tarot•Astrology
Clairvoyant



Love • Careers • Money $ • Difficult Decisions
LOOK INTO YOUR FUTURE!
Sensational Results with Rare Gifted Psychics
24 HOURS, CALL NOW
1-900-933-7333
OR **1-800-972-1117** MC/VISA
Also Spanish, French & German Speaking Psychics
Must Be 18 + •Mile-Hi Psychics•$2.59 per minute

RECORDS TAPES & CDS

RARE AND IMPORTED RECORDS AND CDs Catalog $1.00. MUSIC MAILORDER Dept.KL Box 21723 Milwaukee, WI 53221-0723

C/Z records THE OTHER SEATTLE INDY ROCK LABEL
SEND STAMP FOR FREE CATALOG
NIRVANA • BUZZCOCKS
HAMMERBOX • TREEPEOPLE • MORE
1407 E. MADISON #41 • SEATTLE, WA 98122

Rare Audio/Video. From Around the World. Nirvana,Janes,Mats, U2,REM,Nine Inch Nails,Ministry, Prince, Lots More. Catalog: 2-29¢ stamps. LB Audio, PO Box 1864, Royal Oak, MI 48068-1864

MOIST baited breath
RISE AND SHINE BUTTHEAD!
WHAT PEGGY WANTS • BICYCLE FACE
METAL FLAKE MOTHER • MONKS OF DOOM
SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS
Send SASE for a free catalog to: Moist Baited Breath • PO Box 3597 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515

SWANS, JAZZ BUTCHER, PYLON, FLAT DUO JETS, INSANE JANE, T-Shirts and much more.For a FREE Brochure Write: SKY Records, 6400 Atlantic Blvd.,Ste 220,Norcross,GA 30071

ethereal - gloom
goth catalog
... free!
rare indie releases.
projekt• s. box 1591•
garden grove, ca 92642

Dont' Suck Corporate Cock. Write for free SST catalog of records, t-shirts & other merchandise. PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260 USA

SUB POP
Nirvana • Soundgarden • Mudhoney
Tad • Smashing Pumpkins • Hole • L7
GRUNGE IN YOUR FACE!
FREE CATALOG: Sub Pop Mail Order
1932 1st Ave #1103, Seattle, WA 98101
Stores – We Sell Vinyl Direct!
Fax: 206 • 441 • 0245

RECORDS TAPES & CD'S

IMPORTS, OLDIES, INDIES Alternative CD's. $1 for quarterly catalog. OFF THE RECORD, 6136 El Cajon Blvd., San Diego, CA 92115

DISCOUNT CDs,LPs Cass.Unused! Catalog $2! Revenge Records, Box 1179(S), New York, NY 10276

AMAZING FREE MAIL ORDER catalog! Punk, Reggae, Dub, Ska, Industrial, New Wave, Techno. ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 411-S NYC, NY 10012 Tel. 212-477-0563

SICK OF SEATTLE?
From NY's own INDIE Label - Featuring Releases from American Standard, Outcrowd, Killing Time & More. Send SASE for complete catalog. BLACKOUT! Records, PO Box 544, Yonkers, NY 10710

REGGAE

REGGAE, HIP-HOP & DANCEHALL LP's,Cass,CDs,Videos,T-Shirts Tams,Buttons,Decals & much more. Catalog $5. One World,PO Box 1101 Wausau, WI 54402

RESEARCH SERVICES

TERM PAPER HOT LINE
SEND $2 FOR CATALOG
LISTING 16,278 RESEARCH PAPERS, or
CALL TOLL FREE 800-351-0222
Research Assistance, 11322 Idaho Ave., #206J/S, Los Angeles, CA 90025 IN CALIFORNIA (310) 477-8226

SONGWRITERS

MAKE MONEY WITH YOUR MUSIC TALENT Best Books on songwriting. Free Catalog. Songwriters library - Freeform, PO Box 1299, Manhasset,NY 11030

WATCHES

WATCH REPLICAS LOWEST PRICES! Warranty! Exact weight / Color! 18KT Goldplated! (404)963-3872

WORLD MUSIC

HARDCORE LATIN CATALOG! CD/tapes; Afro-Cuban, Latin-Jazz, Mambo, Salsa, more. 40 pgs. $2.00 **DESCARGA**, Dept. SP, 328 Flatbush Ave., Suite 180 Brooklyn NY 11238

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS
TALK TO THEM LIVE
1-900-288-3399
Extension 3355
$25 per call
Must be 18 yrs.
Faber/LaPre Co. (602) 631-0615

DIAL A PRANK

Hear hilarious phone pranks!
The Original Prankster
CALL
1-900-988-0087
EXT. 325
$2/min. No long distance charges
Kids get permission!
Maximum call 5 minutes
Touch tone phone required
©1992 Tuxedo Enterprises
TUXEDO ENTERPRISES
Winnipeg, MB
Hear Pazzo the Prankster

CONDOMS BY MAIL!
50% OFF
Get the best condoms available today! Your choice of the latest Japanese brands (thinnest in the world!), textured condoms for maximum sexual satisfaction, slimmer condoms for a [illegible], plus GOLD CIRCLE, PRIME & more! Choose from 36 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Free Brochure describes all the features and the difference between the brands. Money-back if not delighted.

Adam & Eve Box 900, Dept. SN 109 Carrboro, NC 27510

Please send in plain package under your money back guarantee:
☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler was [illegible] NOW $3.00
☐ #8403 Super 100 sampler was [illegible] NOW $9.95
☐ Free Color Adult Catalog ..... FREE
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IT'S FREE!
Exciting 1 on 1
CONVERSATION
at its BEST!
1-800-669-6705

24 Hour Phone Play!
Live 1-ON-1 Talk
1-900-976-PLAY
1-900-976-7529
•Adults Only •No Credit Card Needed
$2 per min. Telephun, P.O. Box 5362 Whittier, CA 90607

MAN-TO-MAN
LIVE/BULLETIN BOARD
1-800-PRO-MALE
7 7 6 - 6 2 5 3
$1.25/min. Discreetly billed to VISA/MASTERCARD.
1-900-420-MALE
6 2 5 3
$2.00/min. Must be 18.©NPP Productions. Reno, NV

ROCK ENROLL
CAREERS IN MUSIC & VIDEO BUSINESS
• Video Production • Artist Management
• Promotion/Marketing • Recording • Publishing
CALL TOLL FREE **1-800-424-2800** OR WRITE
Check the Art Institute location of interest.
☐ Atlanta ☐ Seattle ☐ Colorado (Denver) ☐ Philadelphia
☐ Dallas ☐ Houston ☐ Pittsburgh ☐ Ft. Lauderdale
Yes, I would like information about your Programs!
NAME _____ YR. H.S. GRAD. _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
PHONE _____ SC 48
Ai THE ART INSTITUTES International
526 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15222, USA
©The Art Institutes International, Inc., 1992

Gay Men In Your Area with Phone Numbers
1 900 288-HUNK EXT 103
$3 MIN 18+
Cust. Ser. 702 593-0303

IT'S LIVE!
PartyLine Dating
1-809-563-9170
Int'l long distance charges will apply.

WEAR SPIN

FRONT

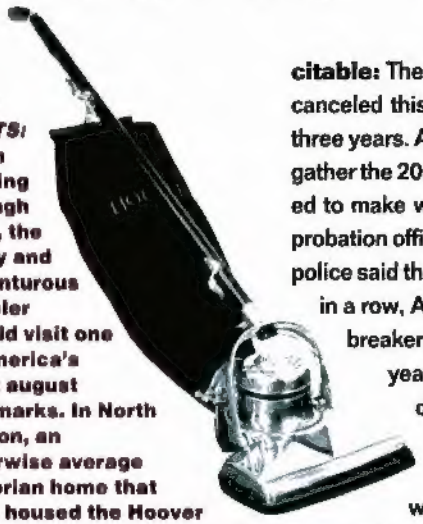
BACK

SPIN T-SHIRTS ON SALE NOW. AVAILABLE WHILE SUPPLIES LAST !!!
SPIN announces a truly RADICAL !!! fashion-type event.For Maximum Body Accentuation (MBA),we humbly offer a luxurious SPIN Mega Upper Body Garment ---THE WAY COOL SPIN T-SHIRT
The Mega -T is 100% cotton -(guaranteed no polyester)-it comes in living,breathing Black and White.Since SPIN readers are livin' large the shirt is available in "L".For those of you livin' extra large-"XL"
To order,send a check or money order made out to SPIN for 12 measly dollars (shipping and handling is free).Plus send a 3x5 index card with your name, address, quantity, & sizes to:
SPIN T -shirts PO Box 1431 Church Hill, MD 21690.

OUT

CLOSING COMMENTS

Dawn of the Dating Dead: Authorities stopped 44-year-old Zhang Jiahua at a railway station in China's Shanxi province because he was carrying a bundle containing the body of a woman who had been dead for two years. Zhang, a "matchmaker for the dead," had dug up the body 750 miles away and was transporting it on an eight-day journey to bury it alongside the corpse of a colleague's dead brother. According to Chinese belief, the soul of the brother, who had died unmarried, couldn't rest until "wed" to a dead bride. • **Too Eggcitable:** The Downtown St. Louis Inc. committee, sponsor of that city's annual Riverfront Easter Egg hunt, canceled this year's festivities because of the increasingly aggressive behavior of parents during the last three years. At the start of the 1991 hunt, parents rushed past children, knocking many over, in an attempt to gather the 20,000 hidden eggs for themselves. • **Crack & Carry:** A 16-year-old New Jersey youth, instructed to make weekly restitution payments for damages caused in a stolen-car chase, attempted to give his probation officer $6 in cash and a vial of crack cocaine valued at $10 as his weekly installment. Union County police said the teenager asked for a receipt. • **Luck of the Draw:** For the second time in a row, Allen Olejniczak of Thorp, Wisconsin, has lost a race for alderman in a tie breaker. In 1990, after tying the incumbent, Olejniczak lost on a coin toss. This year, after tying his opponent at 47 votes each, he lost when the other candidate's name was drawn out of a hat. • **Burn Baby Worm:** A wildlife study by the Bureau of Land Management that involved starting a five-acre fire at the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge near Frenchglen, Oregon, went awry as the blaze jumped a fire line and burned 900 acres, including a bird habitat. The theory being tested was whether worms and other invertebrates emerge earlier in the year from burned land. • **For Goodness Snake:** Thousands of Hindus, lured in part by preachers chanting "Come see the god!" over loudspeakers, gathered at the base of a fig tree in Hapu, India, where a five-foot black cobra had taken residence. Throngs tossed money and jewelry at the tree, sang, prayed, and left milk for the snake, a revered religious symbol. After four days, police decided to remove the snake, a move that set off a riot involving gunfights, stabbings, and Molotov cocktails that left at least 12 dead. • **Kitty Pop:** A Maryland lawyer, arguing against his possible disbarment before the State Court of Appeals, tried to explain his actions in an incident in which he broke into the home of a friend's estranged wife and killed her kitten in a microwave oven. Stanley E. Protokowicz, Jr., said that the cat's death was an accident. He had put it inside the microwave because it was in the way. He then turned the oven on by accident. • **It's the End of the Art as We Know It:** In Cook County, Illinois, a jury decided that the contents of Themis Klotz's front yard—a Pontiac station wagon covered with 44 tons of sand, orange fencing, a Christmas tree, lawn chairs, an old gas tank, spare tires, and a Ben & Jerry's Rainforest Crunch carton—violated health and fire codes. Klotz said it was a sculpture she had titled *The Monument to Humanity No One Will Be Left to Build After George Bush Has His Winnable Limited Protracted Nuclear War With 20 Million Americans Acceptable Loss.*



HOT SPOTS: **When passing through Ohio, the savvy and adventurous traveler should visit one of America's most august landmarks. In North Canton, an otherwise average Victorian home that once housed the Hoover family is now the museum of the Hoover vacuum cleaner. At the Hoover Historical Center you can admire such revolutionary concepts as the vacuum-cleaner headlight.**

DO NOT PASS GO: **A 26-year-old Bensalem, Pennsylvania, man has pleaded guilty to killing a Monopoly opponent with a bow and arrow last year. As the Bucks County district attorney explained it, "The defendant wanted to be the car rather than the thimble or the hat."**

NEAR LEFT, SUSAN DECAPITE; FAR LEFT, COURTESY OF THE HOOVER COMPANY

Compiled by Mark Blackwell, John Kohut, and Carlo McCormick

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

Material chronology prevents autorskim

FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
© Philip Morris Inc. 1992
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.